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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



COMRADES

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VOL XLIV NO 14

DECEMBER 25 1900

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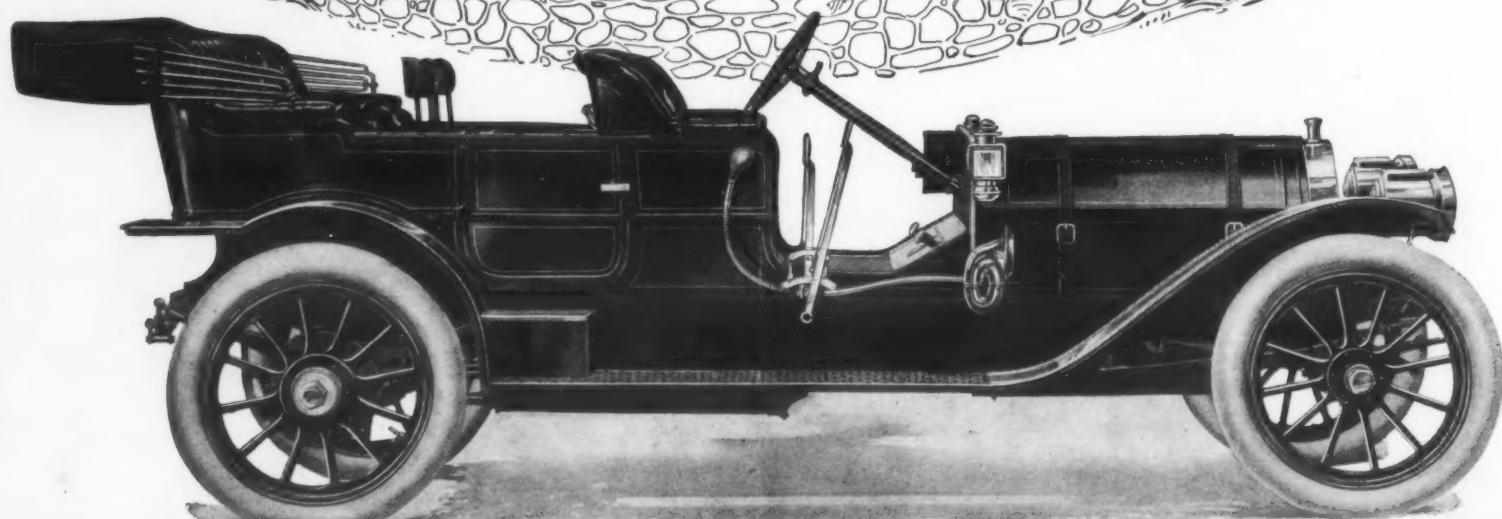
Mitchell Motor Car Co.

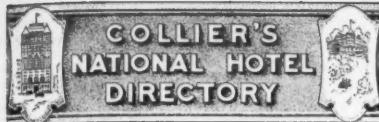
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Dec. 25

Collier's

Saturday, December 25, 1909



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Illustrated with Photographs

Illustrated in Color by E. Blumenschein

Illustrated with Photographs



The Prospector

This photograph was made from the heights above Valdez, Alaska,—the town is visible on the island at the head of the bay far below. The mountains immediately surrounding Valdez abound in low-grade copper ore which will be of immense value when the coal lands, about forty miles below, are opened up. These coal lands are said to hide over 500,000,000 tons of high-grade anthracite



Collier's

The National Weekly



P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers

Robert J. Collier, 416-430 West Thirteenth Street

NEW YORK

December 25, 1909

Age and Safety

ATTERIOR OF POVERTY is the helplessness of age. Modern society recognizes that this burden must, as far as possible, be lifted. If we show sufficient intelligence, it can be lifted by individual effort. Massachusetts has done much within the last year to make insurance for workingmen safer and far less costly. The first year of the savings bank insurance system in that State closed October 31, 1909. The report showing the operation of both the Whitman Savings Bank and the People's Savings Bank of Brockton has just been made. The aggregate insurance of the two banks outstanding at the end of the year (not including annuity or pension policies) was about \$1,000,000. After paying interest on the guaranty fund, setting apart the full legal reserve, and in addition an amount equal to four per cent of the premiums to the trustees of the general insurance guaranty fund, the insurance departments earned a surplus from which they have declared to the holders of all monthly premium policies a dividend of eight and one-third per cent. For the payment of this dividend only twenty-five per cent of the surplus profit is required. The remaining seventy-five per cent is set apart as a surplus guaranty fund, in addition to the legal reserve and general guaranty fund. Of the expenses, over two-thirds has consisted of medical fees. The percentage of these fees to premiums is, of course, unusually heavy in the first year. The State Actuary believes, when the system is in full operation, that a dividend of twenty per cent may reasonably be expected.

For a period of at least twenty years before the savings bank insurance movement began, there had been no reduction in the premiums of industrial policies. In the three years since the movement was started, industrial insurance companies' premiums have been reduced about twenty per cent, which will soon result in an annual saving to the working people of Massachusetts alone of from \$1,000,000 to \$1,500,000. It will be but a few years when the saving effected for working men in the United States will be between \$10,000,000 and \$15,000,000 a year.

Other reforms have already resulted. For some twenty years the policies of the leading industrial companies had provided that, in case of death within the first six months, only one-fourth of the face of the policy would be paid; in case of death within the second six months only one-half. The savings bank insurance policies provide that the full amount written in the policy shall be payable even in case of death immediately. As a result, the industrial companies have made the full benefit of the policy payable in case of death after six months, and one-half in case of death within six months. For the ten years before the movement, the two leading industrial companies gave no cash surrender value until the end of twenty years. They have now changed this period to ten years. All of which shows what can be done to make old age somewhat easier for the poor, when real intelligence is brought to bear on a concrete problem of universal moment.

The Budget

LESS ELEGANT than strong is the Hawaiian proverb that "the cockroach never wins its cause when the chicken is judge." In other words, it would be difficult for a British landowner to see why he should share the burdens of government with a poor consumer. The British have at least the virtue of taking an eager interest in public discussion. Most of them agree with BURKE, who said:

"I am not of the opinion of those gentlemen who are against disturbing the public repose; I like a clamor when there is an abuse."

Whatever the outcome of the present fight, it is likely some ground will be gained. We shall learn just how nearly correct was Mr. BALFOUR when he said in 1907:

"We all know that the power of the House of Lords, thus limited, and rightly limited, as I think, in the sphere of legislation and administration, is still further limited by the fact that it can not touch these money bills, which if it could deal with, no doubt, it could bring the whole executive machinery of the country to a standstill."

In 1894 Lord SALISBURY said:

"It is perfectly obvious that this House in point of fact has not for many years past interfered by amendment with the finance of the year. The reason why this House can not do so is that it has not the power of changing the executive government; and to reject a finance bill and leave the same executive government in its place means to create a deadlock from which there is no escape."

Lord ROSEBERY in the past has been equally decided; but all this was before the Commons decided to strike straight at the privileges of the

landed aristocracy. The small body of men who constitute the House of Lords own one-fifth of the total area of the United Kingdom. That they could judge a land-tax proposal altruistically is as probable as that the directors of the American trusts should draw a tariff in favor of the consumer.

Home Rule

MR. ASQUITH'S PROMISE to Ireland, although it was forced by a political situation, nevertheless expresses the logic of the situation and the probabilities of the future. While the British Empire retains its strength, Ireland will never be entirely independent. She will not have a separate army, nor will she make her own tariff regulations or her own foreign treaties. Short of such actual independence, however, there is no excuse for England permanently to refuse her self-government. For her to be entirely responsible for her internal regulation would be the best discipline she could undergo. There might be trouble for a while. The power of taxation might be used for revenge. An Irish police might not be used wholly for purposes of justice. Those are the two results most feared by English Home Rulers—the two considerations which have led them to go slowly. Another motive has been ecclesiastical, the established English Church opposing a step which might enable the Catholic Church to exercise increased influence in university education—a reason, of course, which is wholly indefensible. Home rule is sure to increase with every decade, and it will not cease to increase until Ireland has no more just ground for complaint than exists in the relation of an American State toward our central government.

James A. Herne

THE ACCIDENT which destroyed "Herne Oaks," on Long Island, did more than bring a misfortune to one family. It put out of existence two of the most significant plays yet written on this continent. "Margaret Fleming" was the first sincere, intelligent, and intimate study of life, in the modern realistic method, portrayed in the drama of the United States. Mrs. HERNE is so saturated with this play that she may be able almost exactly to reproduce it. "The Rev. Griffith Davenport" is gone forever, and gone without ever being widely seen. The circumstances of its production were not altogether fortunate, and although a considerable number of observers recognized in it perhaps the most distinguished and original of all American plays, it was to the general public practically unknown. Mr. HERNE's talent, taste, and spirit were never better represented. Had the fire not blotted it from the world, the play was one especially which it would have been the duty of The New Theatre to reproduce. To-day we have in MOODY, MACKAYE, SHELDON, WALTER, MITCHELL, Miss CROTHERS, and a number of others a rapidly increasing group of dramatists worthy of their art. Mr. HERNE was a pioneer. Standing alone, he pointed the way, a solitary and noble figure. The disaster which has fallen upon his family is a calamity for us all. When the serious history of the American stage comes to be properly written, one of the places of highest honor will be devoted to Mr. HERNE. It would be a pity also if there were not written before it is too late a biography of the man who was one of our finest actors as well as our most progressive playwright. Already it has been made more difficult, for one tragic aspect of the fire was that much of Mr. HERNE's private correspondence was destroyed.

A New Art

ISADORA DUNCAN'S DANCING brings to life the meaning and beauty of Greek art as in our day it has been embodied in no other form. One of the leading sculptors of this country said that for him this dancing changed the Greek beauty from a conception to a living reality. It makes the dance seem a sister of sculpture and of high music. BYRON called Greece "Immortal, though no more." Miss DUNCAN has realized this immortality and helped others come near the secret also. She had a truly great idea, which she was gifted enough to carry out. She studied remnants of ancient beauty in many lands, and with her imagination called back in harmony and unity the movements which these remnants had suggested. As she dances she becomes an instrument, and thus at one with BEETHOVEN, while at the same time she is moving sculpture, and thus at one with PHIDIAS; for BEETHOVEN and PHIDIAS are not contradictory—the very great are kin. This is the dancing not of bodily grace alone, but also of the mind and of deep imagination.

A Dancer

ADELINE GENÉE is in the United States again. Our world is better for it. When she left England, Mr. A. B. WALKLEY said:

"Mlle. GENÉE is going to America. . . . London without ADELINE GENÉE will be a mere huddle of pedestrians, a benighted place where tiptoeing is known only by hearsay. If and when GENÉE departs she will have to leave London her white satin shoes to be deposited in the British Museum."

The time must needs come when the wonderful Dane will go back to Europe, and our best solace then will be to think of her until she returns to us again.

"German" Opera

EVERY MUSICAL SEASON one hears a large number of people express taste or distaste for "German" opera, and when one comes to question them as to what they mean by "German" opera, the answer is invariably the same—merely WAGNER. Such a reply is partly due, no doubt, to the fact that the great American home of opera cast out "Salome," ignored the "Freischütz" (celebrated since the twenties), kept "The Queen of Sheba" out of its repertory for many years, waited to give "Hänsel and Gretel" until after its performance at Daly's, and still neglects "Orpheus and Eurydice." Failure to reflect, however, must be responsible also, for, besides the works mentioned, "Fidelio," "Don Giovanni," "The Huguenots," and "Martha" were written by composers of German nationality. German opera has flourished abundantly since the middle of the eighteenth century. Operas of universal, established renown have come from BEETHOVEN, FLOTOW, GLUCK, MEYERBEER, MOZART, WAGNER, WEBER; operas less generally known, or with fame not firmly fixed, have been produced by BRÜLL, GOLDMARK, HUMPERDINCK, KREUTZER, LORTZING, MARSCHNER, NESSLER, SCHUMANN, SPOHR, RICHARD STRAUSS.

Dramatic Argument

FOR WAYS THAT ARE DARK and for tricks that are vain, theatrical folk are peculiar. Take the common method of advertising "runs." A play begins its metropolitan career—name furnished on request—in mid-April; it plays until July; and in September it reopens with "7 months' run in New York" eight-sheeted across the country. Another opens in November and plays until the 1st of February. "Two years on Broadway." "Isn't 1908 one year?" the press agent asks. "Well, isn't 1909 another?"

Lucidity

To write even intelligibly is not so easy as might be thought. Given a person of ordinary intelligence, a sheet of paper, a pencil, and a fact, the result is not always lucid. The following meets our eye in a rural sheet:

"The reason why more are to indulge in deer hunting this year is because they are allowed to kill does and feel they have an even chance to get one, while in years before when it had to be a buck or pay \$100 if it happened to be a deer by mistake their courage was not quite equal to the chance they had."

The meaning of this, it is true, can be deciphered, yet it reminds one of that passage wherein Mark Twain describes his meeting with Artemus Ward. Artemus had insisted that his guest drink a whisky cocktail, then he discoursed on mining as follows:

"You know the vein, the ledge, the thing that contains the metal, whereby it constitutes the medium between all other forces, whether of present or remote agencies, so brought to bear in favor of the former against the latter, or the latter against the former or all, or both, or compromising the relative differences existing within the radius whence culminate the several degrees of similarity to which—"

Many and many a day, reading in newspapers, books, or periodicals, receiving letters, or listening to our friends, we feel with Mark, who answered thus:

"Oh, hang my wooden head, it ain't any use!—it ain't any use to try—I can't understand anything. The plainer you get it the more I can't get the hang of it."

Chess

FOOTBALL HAS ITS strenuous merits, golf its serene absorption, baseball its intricate charm, billiards its test of eye and wrist; some games of cards tax the memory and relax the spirits. There is one greater than any of these, though not so useful as several among them—a game thus commented on in the "Anatomy of Melancholy":

"Chess-play is a good and witty exercise of the mind for some kind of men, and fit for such melancholy [ones]. RHASIS holds, as are idle, and have extravagant, impudent thoughts, or [are] troubled with cares, nothing better to distract their mind, and alter their meditations, invented (some say) by the general of an army in a famine, to keep soldiers from mutiny: but if it proceed from overmuch study, in such a case it may do more harm than good; it is a game too troublesome for some men's brains, too full of anxiety, all out as bad as study; besides, it is a testy choleric game, and very offensive to him that loseth the Mate."

Old BURTON, we think, is too severe on the moral delinquencies of chess, but even he would not deny that in intelligence it is first with no competitor, in spite of the fact that POE gave the first place to checkers. Intellectually it is king, and apparently will ever be.

Varieties of Fear

CAN ANY ONE, outside of fiction or mythology, boast that his freedom from fear is absolute? Many are sufficiently brave to dash into a burning building, or leap for a drowning man. Courage happily abounds, but often in the bravest there is some strange and

often unreasonable form of fear. A Frenchman mentions many sorts of specialized terrors, some of which are these:

Aichmophobia, or fear of sharp points, as of needles.
Agaraphobia, or fear of open spaces.
Haemophobia, or dread of blood.
Monophobia, or fear of solitude.
Necrophobia, or horror of dead bodies.
Thanatophobia, or dread of death.
Bacillophobia, or fear of microbes.
Pathophobia, or fear of disease.
Kleptophobia, or fear of becoming a kleptomaniac.
Pyrophobia, or fear of matches.
Stasophobia, or fear of evil results from standing upright.
Aerophobia, or fear of high places.
Demonophobia, or dread of the devil.
Phobophobia, or fear of having fear.

Some do not enjoy passing through a herd of cows. One can not enter a room of strangers unabashed. Where one man does not welcome the opportunity to walk along a deserted wood road at midnight, another, as prospective bridegroom, can not face a churchful of people without a tremor. For one it is POE's "Tales" in an empty house, for another the preliminary whir of a dentist's drill, for a third a dinner at which he is a postprandial speaker, for a fourth a waiter who has not deserved a tip. Few get through life entire strangers to terror in some form.

Peanuts

IN THE CALIFORNIA LEGISLATURE last year a majority stood for good government. Considerable bad legislation, nevertheless, was passed and few bills of a so-called reform nature became law without being remodeled to suit the machine. Why was this so with a well-meaning majority? The opponents of the machine, new to their duties, were mostly unskilled in the details of legislation. Least of all did they seem to understand the importance of the preliminary organization of the two Houses. The machine members had their work mapped out before the Legislature met. The reformers, on the contrary, allowed the machine forces to elect a Speaker through the timidity of some of the House members, who feared possible failure and subsequent punishment in the loss of local appropriation bills. The machine Speaker appointed committees according to prearranged program, and needed legislation was chloroformed in committee. In the attempt to pass the Race-Track Law it was discovered that the clerk of the Senate Enrolling and Engrossing Committee had been a recent employee of a notorious California pool-room. The bill for non-partisan judicial nominations was held up in committee until the day before adjournment and defeated in the rush of the closing hours. Other bills were improperly entered by title on the journal in the hope of thus having them declared unconstitutional. These reflections, and much more of interest to every one interested in polities, may be found embodied in a little volume called "The Story of the California Legislature of 1909." Its author is FRANKLIN HICHORN of Santa Clara, California. If every legislator elected in each State next year would peruse this volume, the machines might sooner be dismantled. Even the pettiest polities is a science. EMERSON thinks that success in government and in a peanut-stand have much in common. Even the peanut business must be learned.

Government of Cities

HERE IS ANOTHER story of the spread of the new ideas of city government—a spread which is now so rapid and successful. On January 12 of this year the people of San Diego adopted charter amendments providing for a commission form of government, with five commissioners and a mayor, and also for the Des Moines system of non-partisan primary and election. In spite of the combined opposition of the saloons and the local branch of the Southern Pacific political bureau, the amendments carried by a vote of two to one. Berkeley, California, followed soon after, with practically the same system, and Los Angeles followed with the Des Moines system of election, but not the commission form of government. At the first election in San Diego under the new system the old Southern Pacific machine, which had been in absolute control for years, was overwhelmingly defeated, not electing a single candidate. At the Los Angeles primary last month the Good Government candidate for mayor led by over 5,000. Under the Des Moines system the power of the machine will apparently be lessened everywhere.

Congratulations

A GREAT NEWSPAPER is the Chicago "Tribune." From a sheer journalistic point of view, in some respects it has been leading the country in ability. Eminent, perhaps preeminent, in its knack of giving variety, saliency, and readability to the news of the world, it has not always supplemented this journalistic skill with a corresponding breadth of view in matters of principle and in intensity of concern for the people's rights. During the last few months a new spirit seems to have entered into the paper, editorially and in those departments of the news which reinforce the editorial policy. It no longer is tender to Mr. WILLIAM LORIMER and his ally, Mr. ROGER SULLIVAN. It apparently intends not only to praise Mayor BUSSE when he does right, but to express regret when he fails to live up to some of the requirements of his office. If this tendency goes on, a great power in the world of journalism will be aiding toward the right, for a great power, in one direction or the other, the "Tribune" inevitably must be.

The First Battle

By MARK SULLIVAN

IN CHICAGO four weeks ago there was what the English would call a by-election—to fill a single vacancy, caused by resignation, in the Lower House of Congress. The contest was hard-fought, the Standpat Republicans won it handsomely, and the new Congressman from the Sixth District of Illinois is the Honorable William J. Moxley. *In the business affiliations of Mr. Moxley, in the reasons for his choice, and in the history of this by-election, there is to be found in epitome the whole story of the fight between the Insurgents and the Standpat Republicans.* Of that fight (which will be country-wide when the regular Congressional primaries are on next summer), if you wish to know the vital issue, read this story:

First, who is Moxley? For the moment, let this question be sufficiently answered by the statement that he is a man who has made and is making a great deal of money in the manufacture and sale of what is variously described as "butterine" or "oleomargarine." His business letterhead, as reproduced in some Government documents, reads thus:

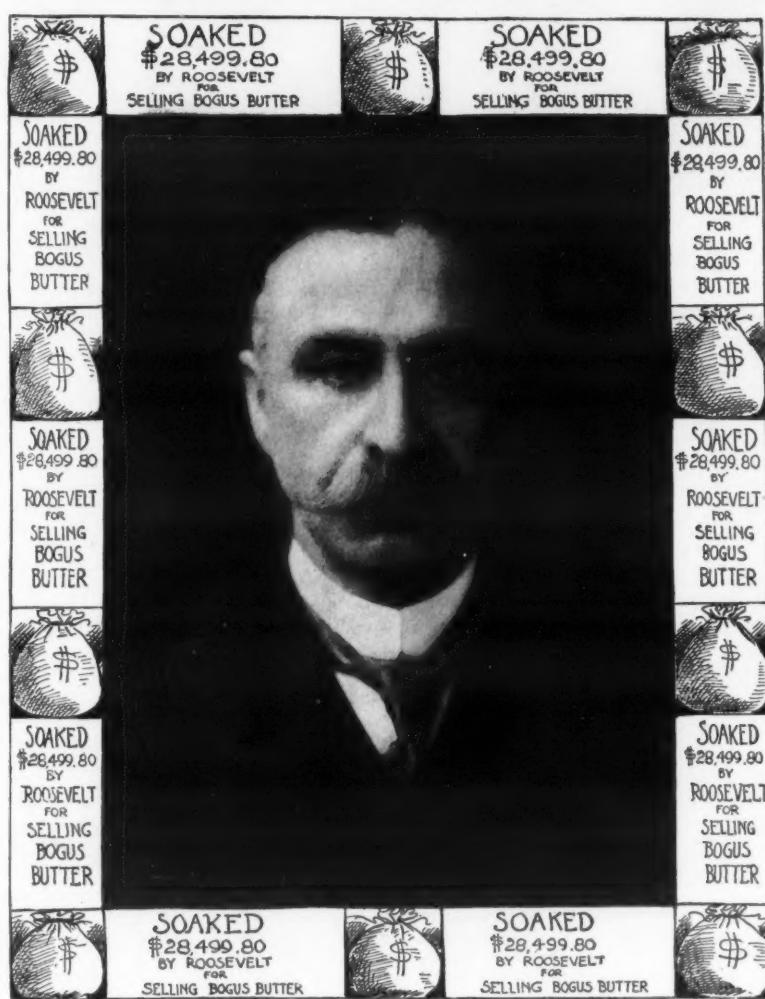
WILLIAM J. MOXLEY
MANUFACTURER OF
FINE BUTTERINE

Now, butter comes from a cow; butterine comes from a factory. Butterine is made of hog-fat, beef-fat, and cottonseed oil, and its color is white. As oleomargarine, this combination has its wholesome and proper place in the world; but put a little chemical coloring matter in it, and it looks like butter. And it can be sold very much cheaper. Of course, it's the old story of the pure-food fight again. Many men became very rich making oleomargarine, coloring it yellow, and selling it as butter. The United States Government stopped that by putting a prohibitive tax of ten cents a pound on butterine or *oleo artificially colored to look like butter*. The butterine makers could continue to sell their product in its original white state to such persons as wished to buy butterine, but they were compelled to stop selling butterine colored yellow to persons who wished to buy butter.

They had to stop, or else find some way of defeating or evading the law. Many did this successfully. Mr. Moxley tried to evade the law by introducing a material called palm-oil, which the Government authorities described as "rancid, of bad taste and smell, and considered by this office wholly unfit for use in oleomargarine." Further, the Treasury Department said: "The finished product would in appearance be an imitation or semblance of butter." In the subsequent action, Moxley was assessed a fine of \$28,499.80 (he had sold nearly 300,000 pounds of oleo colored to look like butter). This fine Moxley paid to the United States Government under protest, and he is now trying to recover it through legal proceedings. From now on, Mr. Moxley will prosecute this suit to recover money from the Government with the advantage of a seat in Congress.

But it is not the fact that Mr. Moxley has this lawsuit that makes his election to Congress typical of the Republican Party as it is now controlled. What makes the Moxley case characteristic of the fight between the Insurgents and the Standpatters is this:

During the present session of Congress, a fight is to be made to change this butterine law; a formal recommendation has been made to reduce the tax from the prohibitive ten cents down to two cents. In the fight to put this through Congress, Moxley will be on the job as a representative—not of the people, to decide the issue judicially, but of the butterine special interest. And that is typical of the Republican Party as it is now managed—government by special interests for the benefit of special interests. When the pure-food fight was on, the canning special interest was represented by various Congressmen, including some Republican machine leaders, who defeated the provision which would have made the label tell the weight or volume of the contents. When the owners of Duffy's Malt Whiskey were being prosecuted, two Congressmen were on hand—and one of them was Vice-President Sherman—to protect this patent-medicine interest. In the recent tariff contest, to name the members who acted wholly as the representatives of special interests would be merely to print the roster of three-fourths of Congress, and tell what every well-informed person knows.



William J. Moxley

Recently elected Member of Congress from the Sixth Illinois District, comprising several wards of the city of Chicago. He is a typical Standpatter
Adapted from a cartoon originally printed in the Chicago "Tribune"

in the Senate by La Follette May 7 last (Congressional Record, p. 1889).

READ THIS PARAGRAPH IF YOU READ NOTHING ELSE ON THIS PAGE:

"Mr. President, I am myself placed in a position where I shall withhold my vote . . . and for this reason: Some years ago, when I was not in official life, I acquired an interest in land in Wisconsin which has proven to be, in part, lead-bearing property . . . One portion of it is at this time producing lead ore in small quantities, and zinc ore as well. I make this statement now as covering both those products. *If maintaining duties or increasing duties affects the price of those products, I can not consistently and conscientiously vote upon this question as a member of this body, and therefore upon this roll-call I shall, for the reason stated, withhold my vote.*"

This act of La Follette's is without precedent. Little wonder Aldrich and the other Standpat Senators hate him. His words and his refusal to vote put the mark of shame on them all. Not one of them but had, when his own special interest was involved, voted, talked, and traded to get a high tariff for his own.

The Republican machine fought for Moxley, "to place in Congress another man who would stand by Speaker Cannon"; Cannon came personally into the district to speak and fight for Moxley. They won. *But between June 1 and November 5 next, this fight will be repeated 391 times in 391 Congressional Districts.*

Any voter who is willing to lend his aid in the election of anti-Cannon members of the next Congress is invited to send us his name and address. The time required of any one who helps will be only so long as it takes to write three or four letters; the money outlay will be only the cost of the stamps for the same letters. Fill out the blank below:

COLLIER'S CONGRESSIONAL RECORD
901 Munsey Building, Washington, D. C.

Gentlemen: I shall be glad to help.

Name _____
Address _____
State _____

What the World Is Doing: A



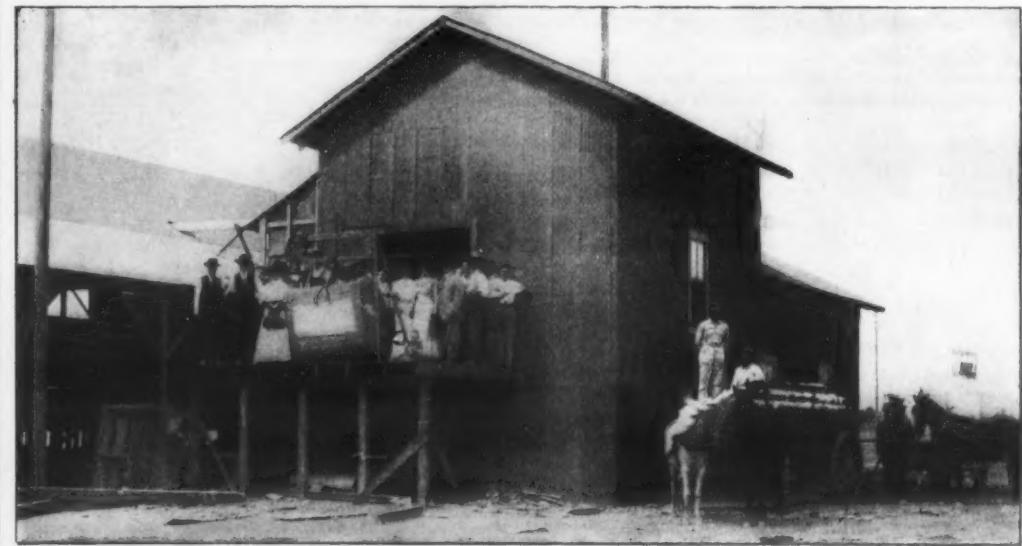
President Taft at the Rivers and Harbors Congress

"A waterway policy, not a waterway project," was the motto of the convention of advocates of waterway improvement which met at Washington on December 8. To the delegates, who urged the quick completion of the 14-foot Lakes-to-the-Gulf channel, the President promised definite action by the Sixty-first Congress.



Teaching the Use of Oxygen Helmets

A scene in the "Rescue Room" of the Pittsburg Experiment Station, where miners are trained to adjust helmets connected with portable oxygen reservoirs. The first test of a similar device by the New York Fire Department was made December 13. It failed because the firemen could not control the air supply



Imperial Valley's First Cotton Bale

This year the settlers of Imperial Valley planted 1,000 acres of cotton as an experiment and demonstrated that the valley is one of the best cotton-growing districts in the United States. Its first crop is a bale and a half to the acre; some fields yielding two bales. The staple is superior in quality, and the entire crop has been sold to mills in Oakland at 13 1-2 cents a pound, or \$67.50 a bale. Next year more than 20,000 acres of cotton will be planted. Imperial Valley is the region that was the desert of the Colorado in the southeastern corner of California, most of it below sea level. Eight years ago water was brought into the desert from the Colorado River and the work of reclamation was begun. In 1905 the river broke out of bounds and poured into the basin, creating the Salton Sea, halting the work of reclamation, and threatening to submerge the whole region. The break was closed in February, 1907, at a cost of \$1,500,000, and reclamation and settlement were resumed. Imperial Valley now has a population of 20,000, a property valuation, excluding railroads and canals, of \$17,000,000, and ships out more than \$3,000,000 worth of farm products in a year. More than 200,000 acres are irrigated, and the total reclaimable area is 1,000,000 acres on the American side of the boundary and about 500,000 acres on the Mexican side. The Mexican land is owned by Americans

Thrift in Government

MR. TAFT sent an uncontroversial, rather short message to Congress on December 7. A little later he will deal in special messages with the carefully omitted and highly dynamitic topics of Interstate Commerce and the Conservation of Natural Resources.

A keynote of the message is economy in expenditure. The estimates of the Government's expenses for the coming year are \$42,000,000 less than the appropriations for the present year. The Civil Service is to be still further reformed.

He reiterates the need of reform in judicial procedure, to lessen or prevent the law's "archaic and barbarous" delays.

He returns to his advocacy of postal savings banks.

Because of the annual deficit in the Post-Office Department he would institute a difference in rates for newspapers and for magazines because of the difference in average distance which newspapers and magazines travel in reaching their reader.

He desires to establish a Bureau of Public Health, and he wishes Congressional legislation on "White Slavery."

The message is a repetition, in part, of the policies which he enunciated on his speech-making tour of the summer.

Franklin MacVeagh, Secretary of the Treasury, has joined Mr. Taft in emphasizing the "Economy" principle. In his annual message he spoke of the influence of local politics and politicians upon the customs service as most deleterious.

"Unless the customs service can be released from the payment of political debts and exactions, and from meeting the supposed exigencies of political organizations, big and little, it will be impossible to have an honest service for any length of time."

While Secretary MacVeagh's views on economy in public affairs and on non-partizanship in Custom House management are permitted to pass unrebuked, his ideas on low tariff schedules are said to be displeasing to many Senators. Thus he had said that the Republican Party had changed its front. It had been marching toward higher and higher tariffs, but had now faced about, and is marching, "no matter how slow any one may think its present pace is, toward lower tariffs."

Home Rule

FORCING the fight, Herbert H. Asquith, Prime Minister of Great Britain, pledges Irish home rule if the Liberals are returned to power. At a public meeting in London on December 10, he advocated "a policy which, while explicitly safeguarding the supreme, indivisible authority of the Imperial Parliament, can set up in Ireland a system of full self-government as regards purely Irish affairs. There is not and can not be any question of separation. There is not and can not be any question of rivalry or competing for supremacy subject to these conditions. That is the Liberal policy. In the new House the Liberal Government at the head of a Liberal majority will be in this matter entirely free."

An Echo of the Flood

WHEN the telegrams were exchanged between President Roosevelt and Mr. Harriman in January, 1907, the Imperial Valley, as the sunken Colorado desert became known after irrigation began, was threatened with what might have been one of the most dramatic geographical tragedies of historical times. Had no one stepped in and stopped the break in the Colorado, the entire district—towns, farms, and all—would have been buried under water. The runaway river, eating its way upstream through the soft valley silt at the rate of nearly a mile a day, might have cut its way clear to Yuma, and the Government dam at Laguna might have been destroyed. The Southern Pacific stopped the river. It was part of the endlessly complicated history of the whole Imperial Valley enterprise that, although the railroad was not responsible for the headgates which originally caused the break, it had come into practical control of the irrigation company. It brought suit on promissory notes for its work; practically sued itself, that is to say, the directorate of the irrigation company being under its control. This suit has now been decided in its favor, and Judge Houser of the Superior Court has handed down a judgment of \$1,405,927.43. Whether an appeal will be taken or whether this will end a vastly complicated piece of promotion remains to be seen. In any case, the river seems to be shut out permanently, and the Imperial Valley farmers are going ahead with the long work of taming the desert and making it a civilized place in which to live.

A Record of Current Events

Notes by the Way

MORE than \$60,000,000 worth of American merchandise was carried by rail across the Isthmus of Panama and Tehuantepec in the fiscal year 1909, and in the calendar year which ends with December the total will probably reach \$75,000,000 in value. Of the two railway lines which now carry freights across the narrow neck of land connecting North and South America, that at the Isthmus of Panama is forty miles in length; the other, at the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, 190 miles. The one at Panama, owned by the Government, is, of course, largely devoted to work and traffic growing out of the construction of the Panama Canal; the other at Tehuantepec, constructed chiefly with British capital and controlled in part at least by the Mexican Government, was built especially for the purpose of handling freights between the Atlantic and Pacific, and, although opened at the beginning of 1907, has already carried about \$100,000,000 worth of merchandise passing chiefly between the Atlantic and Pacific ports of the United States.

Professor Wheeler, speaking at a Thanksgiving dinner in Berlin, said that America's early history was determined by its position on the Atlantic; but that its future will be determined by its position on the Pacific, facing China.

New York State reports that its fire loss in 1909 has been \$25,101, as against \$644,000 in 1908. Some of this improvement is attributed to the efficiency of the State's fire-fighting force, which in 1909 cost about \$40,000.

More than 150,000,000 pounds of cigar tobacco and almost four times that amount in other sorts of tobacco was grown in 1908 in the United States. Kentucky produces more than one-third of the crop of the country and about one-ninth of the world's crop.

Booker T. Washington has recently made an eight days' tour through Tennessee. He has talked in twenty-two cities and towns, to about 50,000 persons, of whom perhaps 20,000 were white men. He laid stress on the point that the Southern white man understands the Southern negro better than any other white man, just as the negro understands the Southern white better than he does any other sort of white man. The negro benefit and benevolent organizations were all right, he told them, but he remarked that it was more important to make sure of a good place to live in this life than an expensive and elaborate burial after death. "One bathtub is worth ten coffins" was the way he put it.

Senator Aldrich continues his talks on currency and banking, and on November 29 he talked in New York City to the Economic Club. He said that in the other great commercial nations the disastrous results of recurring financial crises have been successfully prevented by a proper organization of capital and by the adoption of wise methods of banking and of currency.

Energy and enterprise, not always confined by prudence, will always lead to speculative inflation. But other countries have been able to prevent disastrous panics. One of the reasons of the exemption has been the system of central banks of issue, strengthening the reserve and extending credit liberally to those persons whose solvency entitled them to such credit in times of monetary stress.

A virulent attack of prohibition was warded off by the unbribable voters of Alabama on November 29. A prohibition amendment to the State Constitution was defeated by over 12,000 votes. Section 2 of the amendment, permitting the Legislature to specify where whisky shall not be stored, was said to be the weightiest factor in the defeat. The farmers feared that, under its provisions, the State officers might invade the home.

By the will of George Crocker, \$1,000,000 worth of property has been given for the study of cancer.

Captain August W. Loose, a skilled navigator, and George H. Dunkle, an insurance broker of New York, have sworn that they fabricated for Dr. Cook records which Dr. Cook intended to submit to the University of Copenhagen.

The Nobel Prize winners have been announced. They include, in chemistry, Professor Wilhelm Ostwald of Leipsic; in medicine, Professor Emil Theodor Kocher of Berne; in literature, Selma Lagerlöf of Sweden. The prize for physics will be divided between William Marconi and Professor Ferdinand K. Braun of Strasburg; the peace award is to Paul Henry Benjamin d'Estournelles de Constant, a French Senator and member of the Hague Tribunal.

A Peerless Champion

THE antivivisectionists are planning a grand coup. They are about to send the most eminent antivivisectionist in the world to visit us—Hon. Stephen Coleridge. He is the son of the late Lord Chief Justice of England. He has done



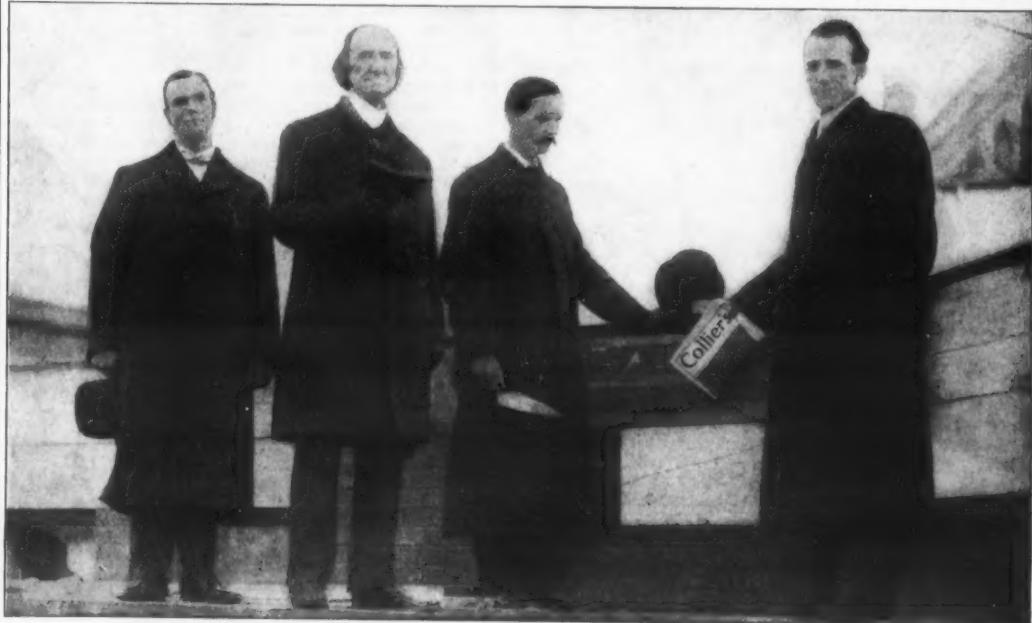
Marines for Nicaragua Shifting to the "Dixie"

After transferring the 700 marines from the transport "Prairie," which stranded in the Delaware River, to the "Dixie," Rear-Admiral Kimball and his force sailed December 6 for Nicaragua, three days behind schedule time



The Largest Mastodon Tusk Extant

This tusk was found on the banks of the Allegheny River near Pittsburg, and measures nine feet four inches from root to tip. It weighs two hundred and ninety-seven pounds and has a circumference of twenty three inches



The Religion of Good Government

The religion of good government is being taught in a new Milwaukee church. The congregation is of the old Methodist faith. The pastor is the Rev. Ray R. McKaig. The congregation is building a new church. The pastor found that, like himself, many of his people are readers of Collier's, and it required but a suggestion from him for a vote to place a copy of this weekly in the corner-stone, which was laid Sunday, November 29. "It is an unusual thing for a church to do," said the pastor as he placed the copy of Collier's in the stone, laid by the Rev. Henry Colman, oldest Methodist pastor in Milwaukee, "but this congregation is heart and soul with this publication and all others fighting the battles of the people. It has been against graft in high places, and its courage merits our commendation. A paper or magazine which dares to print unpleasant truths needs the support of that people which it is benefiting. For these reasons we feel to-day that in placing a copy of Collier's in this corner-stone we are furthering the cause of good government. This magazine represents the attitude of this congregation upon public questions, and we will be glad to know that when in the future this stone is opened that future congregations will find that the men and women who founded this church were believers in the fight for a free people."

What the World Is Doing: A Record of Current Events

in his lifetime several ungentlemanly and several misleading things which makes it unfortunate that he should be selected as a representative of a cause. He was, for instance, guilty of trying to ally the British Museum with his own personal propaganda by means of a cheap and somewhat ungentlemanly trick. He asked the librarian in the British Museum to give him a competent translator, to translate for him a catalogue of one of the physiological instrument manufacturing companies. He then put on the title-page of the translation the title of the librarian in the British Museum, as if lending favor to his antivivisection crusade. The librarian called what Mr. Coleridge had done an "unwarrantable abuse of a mere act of courtesy."

Another time Mr. Coleridge, without investigation, saw fit to repeat the wild and picturesque statements of the beautiful Miss Lind-af-Hageby. She had claimed to have seen many quaint and piteous happenings inside the laboratory of Dr. Bayliss, University College, London. Her remarks, fortunately, were confined to private life. But Mr. Coleridge eagerly trumpeted them forth from a platform. He was sued by Dr. Bayliss and had to pay heavy damages, to the extent of nearly \$25,000—£2,000 for damages and nearly £3,000 for trial costs—for his falsification. Many instances of his false statements and his gift for twisting facts into malicious fiction will be found in the blue-books of the proceedings of the Royal Commission on Vivisection. This is the gentleman who will so shortly visit us and continue his romancing on an important department of science.

A Good Work

JUST a few days before the Christmas season the New York Probation Association held its annual meeting at the Colony Club, and the president of the association, Charles S. Whitman, District Attorney of New York County, told of the two years' work. In February, 1908, Waverley House, at 165 West Tenth Street, was established, and Maude E. Miner took charge of it. It cares for girls new to the city whose life is just at the turning-point—ready to be hardened by base association or restored to the family at home and to decent employment.

In its short history, it has cared for three hundred girls, many of them from sixteen to twenty years old, who have been arrested for the first time because of waywardness.

During the few days of their stay in Waverley House, they receive food, shelter, clothing, and medical care. Forty-two girls, new to the city and its night life, have been sent to their homes in other cities. One hundred girls have been placed in decent employment—domestic service, offices, workshops, and factories.

Such a work needs and deserves gifts of money, furniture, pictures, books, and at this Christmas season should be overwhelmed with the good-will of a prospering and open-hearted world.

Latin-American Notes

SOMEbody has said that Chile will go on making money out of her nitrate fields till some near-sighted German, several thousand miles away, discovers how to make nitrates out of air. A syndicate of certain members of that always painstaking and ingenious race is approaching this discovery by preparing to make commercial fertilizer out of the locusts of the Argentine Republic. It is said that locusts contain about fourteen per cent of nitrogen, and there are no end of them in the Argentine.

Echoes of business come up from most of the South American cities. Buenos Ayres is building another fine new avenue, to be known as the Avenida Centenario, in honor of the city's hundredth anniversary. The Bonaerenses are also to have fifteen more hospital ambulances, so pleased were they with the ones recently sent down from the United States. Valparaiso, struggling to repair the destruction of the earthquake three years ago, has placed a loan of \$5,000,000 to carry on the work. Pernambuco, which has always been without a harbor, has begun the construction of new port works to cost over \$16,000,000. Lima reports that the Chinese, who have been flocking there of late as they used to flock to California, have gone into the shoemaking business and set up more than twenty cobblers' shops near the central market.

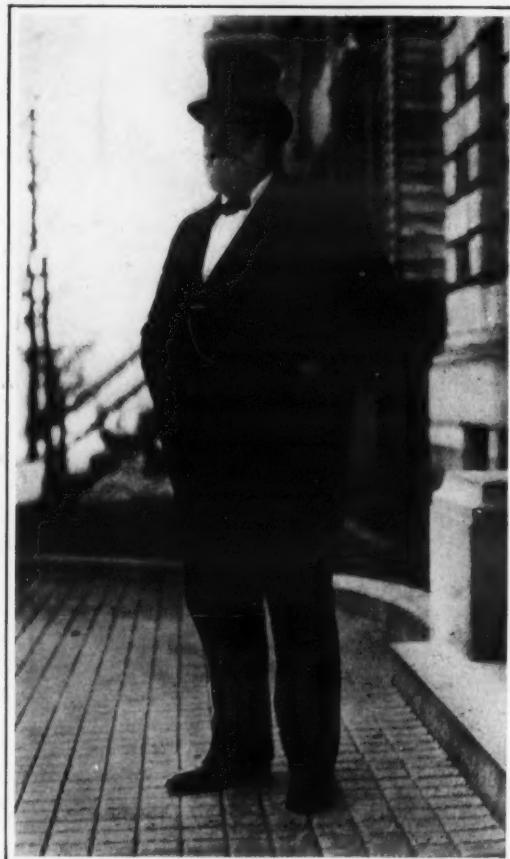
If Mr. Zelaya's country quiets down within a month Nicaragua will celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of Leon, a west coast city, with an exposition in January, 1910. Prizes are promised for all sorts of things, including idols, vases, urns, and other examples of what the Nicaraguans call the "retrospective arts."

The Lampert and Holt steamers continue to disprove the frequent suggestion that one needs to go to Europe first to go comfortably to South America. The big *Vasari* sailed recently from New York

with eighty-two first-class passengers for the east coast, the largest number ever taken out on a regular steamer of that line.

The Underground Divers

THE recent disaster at Cherry, Illinois, has quickened the attention of the public to the mine-rescue service, which is now being promoted along intelligent and effective lines. But the small proportion of the miners saved, against the number who perished, only emphasizes the need of further training for a work which, in America, is so young.



A Moving-Picture of the Past

The Seventh Congressional District of Ohio has the distinction of supplying the House of Representatives with its most picturesque member, General Joseph Warren Keifer, who is a remnant of the days of Webster, Calhoun, and Clay. In his swallow-tail coat he saunters up and down the carpeted halls of Congress like a moving-picture of the past. He entered the House of Representatives in the Forty-fifth Congress and was elected Speaker of the Forty-seventh Congress. He is a distinguished veteran of the Civil War, and at the outbreak of the Spanish-American war he entered the army of volunteers as Major-General, and commanded the United States forces which took possession of Havana

Like deep-sea divers, locked into oxygen helmets, the rescue men descend into the black galleries of the mine. They advance through the fatal gases, and with their portable electric lamps they seek for suffocating miners to restore, or for the bodies of the dead. They must chop and dig their path through banks of rocks and timbers; they must work in shifts both day and night until the search is finished. They must not only possess fiber of extreme endurance and fortitude, but they must be versed in all the characteristics of a coal-mine and all the methods and degrees of resuscitation.

The outfit—added to the helmet—includes tanks or cylinders of compressed oxygen, strapped upon the back; absorption cans for the exhalations, and flexible air bags, with attachments to the mouth. It enables one, when accustomed to its use, to breathe for two or three hours with ease. Every squad carries a resuscitating cabinet—oxygen cylinders, breathing-bag, tube, and hood for the patient. With this apparatus they cleanse and refill the lungs of a victim, while they work his arms and legs like those of a drowning man until his circulation is revived.

The tragic year of 1907, in which 3,125 coal miners were killed in the United States and 4,800 injured, aroused the Federal Government to the fact that men must be seriously prepared for this branch of life-saving. In July, 1908, the Geological Survey, with an appropriation by Congress of \$150,000, founded an experimental rescue station at Pittsburgh, after the type of those operating in England and in Europe. The department is under the gen-

eral direction of Dr. Joseph A. Holmes. Supplementary stations have been placed at Urbana, Illinois, and Knoxville, Tennessee, for the coal fields of the Middle West. Other establishments are in prospect. While one of the leading purposes of this movement is to equip men for actual rescue, it is less important than the experimental program which is being pursued, with reference to explosives, fumes, and other items of danger in a coal-mine—aiming toward the elimination of accident.

Statistics point out that not more than one-third, perhaps, of the deaths in American mines are due immediately to explosions, but that a half of the total is the result of falls of roof and coal. Yet the truth is reaching light that these slides and cave-ins are the effects of former blasts, which have started a gradual seepage of gases and dislodgment. Consequently, the stations have been engaged in determining and listing those explosives which are "permissible"—which will not ignite the gases at hand—and also in apportioning the amount of the charges used so that they will not damage the structure of a mine.

Although a beginning has been made, the United States falls far behind Belgium, France, and England in this work. For while the natural conditions in America for mining coal are more favorable than in any of the other countries named, the death rate in the United States has risen with every decade. In Europe, owing to care and experiment, it has constantly decreased.

Spinal Anesthesia

DR. JONNESCO'S advocacy of spinal anesthesia is based on his personal experience with a combination of stovaine and strychnine, two drugs both well known and widely used long before his experiments. His originality consists in their combination. In this method of anesthesia the drug is injected into the bag of membranes in which the spinal cord lies. It was first suggested by Corning in 1885. The effect upon the patient varies somewhat according to the drug used, but in general consists of a more or less complete abolition of sensation in all portions of the body below the point where the drug acts upon the cord.

Stovaine was brought to the attention of the French Academy of Medicine by Billon in 1904, and since then has been widely used, both as a local and a spinal anesthetic. Dr. Jonnesco claims for it no special value over such drugs as novocaine or tropacocaine. He has done most of his work with stovaine, and therefore knows more about it. The others, he admits, may be just as good. In fact, both novocaine and tropacocaine are preferred by some surgeons to stovaine. What Dr. Jonnesco does contend, and apparently with some justification, is that the addition of a small amount of strychnine renders the method safe and available for major operations and those upon the upper portions of the body.

It is worth noting that spinal anesthesia has been tested by many of the leading surgeons of the world, who with few exceptions declare its usefulness limited and its practise not without danger. At least one of the advantages claimed for it, the complete consciousness of the patient, is of doubtful desirability. Obviously, neither patient nor surgeon gains anything by the circumstance, and a psychic element is introduced which, one should imagine, might have an exceedingly undesirable effect on the patient's mind. The claim that it eliminates surgical shock is met by the skeptics with the statement that general anesthetics when properly used are almost equally efficacious in this regard. It is followed by unpleasant after-effect, as are chloroform and ether. It abolishes pain no more surely than the latter.

It is evident, therefore, that Dr. Jonnesco's contention that spinal anesthesia should be substituted for general anesthesia in all operations, great and small, is entirely at variance with the opinions of most other surgeons who have experimented with the method. The best surgical opinion of to-day is probably fairly epitomized by Dr. G. E. Brewer, who in his "Text-Book of Surgery" (1909) writes:

"Spinal anesthesia is to be recommended only in cases in which positive contraindications exist to the use of the other anesthetics, and occasionally in emergencies in which a skilled assistant is not available, or when other anesthetics can not be obtained."

The facts in the case have been so befogged by the absurd rumpus kicked up in the newspapers over Dr. Jonnesco's arrival as to prejudice conservative opinion against him. He may have made a valuable improvement in the production of spinal anesthesia. This can only be satisfactorily determined by several years of careful tests in other clinics than his own. His claims are soberly set forth at length by himself in the British "Medical Journal" for November 13, 1909. A reading of this article makes it clear that he is not responsible for his recent American apotheosis.

Collier's

NORAH

*The Story of the Child Which
Came Out of the Storm*

By GILBERT PARKER

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*"It was as fine a churchful as you ever
clapt an eye on:
Oh, the bells was ringin' gaily, and the
sun was shinin' free;
There was singers, there was clargy—
'Bless you both,' says Father Tryon—
They was weddin' Mary Callaghan
and me.*

*"There was gatherin' of women, there
was hush upon the stairway,
There was whisperin' and smilin', but it
was no place for me;
A little ship was comin' into harbor
through the fairway—
It belongs to Mary Callaghan and
me.*

*"Shure, the longest day has endin', and
the wildest storm has fallin'—
There's a young gossoon in yander, and
he sits upon my knee:
There's a churchful for the christenin'—
do you hear the imp a-callin'?
He's the pride of Mary Callaghan
and me!"*

IT WAS a voice worth hearing, and the man was worth seeing, as, standing in a large paddock in front of a house which for the prairie country was a large one, he drove the colt he was breaking round a circle at the end of a long leather rein. He had in his face the look of one who had lived life in more ways than one, and his shoulders had the straightness of one who had known the "Shun!" of the drill-sergeant, though he was over forty years of age. In this perfect sunlight, with the gold-brown stubble of the reaped land stretching for scores of miles away, he seemed the true representative of a life of energy and happiness. His face was ruddy, his eye bright; but his hat, which usually was set back on his head, was now drawn forward. He seemed to keep his face turned toward the big clapboard house, outside which stood a buggy with a pair of horses. Despite the lilt of the song, the air of triumph in it, and the elation of the body engaged in a task suggestive of the pioneer life—its roughness, its awkwardness, its undisciplined capacity, and its rugged careless beauty, there was a curious watchfulness in the eyes, a smile of emotional expectancy at the lips—in a woman it would be called wistfulness. Indeed, there was something wistful in him too, strong man as he was. He was Irish, and the magic of imagination, with its accompanying sadness, lying behind all mirth and playfulness, was his. Yet he was an incorrigible optimist.

There was a time when he had been an incorrigible idler, a stoic—a thoroughly useless man. Those were the days when, having stepped into old Larry Brennan's house out of the rain, he had stayed ten years doing nothing, till a tragedy had roused him, brought him to his senses, set him upon the high-road of energy, action, and success. Behind him, too, had been Norah Brennan and the Young Doctor—Norah, with such fine teeth in her head, though older than he when he married her, and the Young Doctor, with a pungent humor and good sense, which had stimulated and spurred him on. Norah had not been his first love, but it seemed as though she would be his last one, for he had never looked right or left since he married her. The same old loyalty which had made him cling to the memory of the girl who threw him over long since at Enniskillen, in old Ireland, still made him weave round Norah's head a halo of beauty—one of the blessings of imagination, for Norah was no Rose of Sharon. Five years had gone since he had started the stage-coach from Askatoon to Cowrie, and began to breed and deal in horses; and the world had gone very well with him. He and the Young Doctor were part-

ners in the horse-trading, and they had had as much fun as money out of the business.

He was thinking of the Young Doctor now, wondering why he did not come, protesting inwardly against the miserable delay, seething inwardly, though there was music on his tongue and a lilt to his voice. Round and round went the colt, growing more and more docile under the firm, quiet control of a born master of animals. Would the Young Doctor never come?

*"There was gatherin' of women, there was hush upon
the stairway,
There was whisperin' and smilin', but it was no
place for me;
A little ship was comin' into harbor through the
fairway—
It belongs to Mary Callaghan and me."*

He had sung the verses over and over again, a dozen in all. It was like an obsession, and he was hardly aware of his own persistence—

"He's the pride of Mary Callaghan and me!"

Five years since his own wedding with Norah, and no child—he had not realized when he married that it would be a miracle if a child came to them. In truth, he had not thought at all about that. They had gone through so much together in the days of tragedy that being man and wife was the only thought in his mind when they went to the altar. But with marriage had come the other instinct, and he had dwelt much upon it. He wanted a child as the hart desires the water-springs; and Norah, knowing what was in his mind, willed it so with a will that was pathetic; for something, too, had been born in her which was not there before. Marriage had made her see life with new eyes, and she had discovered many things hidden over forty years. Perhaps it was her great will and stubborn purpose which had at last wrung from the Great Creating Force assent to her diligent prayers, so that she was able to whisper something worth hearing into Nolan's ears one winter night when the frost and ice outside were like a shrine for the warmth in their inflammable Irish souls.

Then the months of patient waiting had gone, with Nolan driving his four-horse—in the gaiety of his heart sometimes his six-horse—team, with his great red stage, and the coaching-horn defying the distant railway with shrill bravery, and receiving the shy congratulations of women-folk and a hearty "Good luck to ye!" from men on every hand. He had become a figure in the West; and, having his

millionaire brother-in-law, Terry Brennan, behind him, like a sounding-board, his fame, of its kind, was loud and reached far. There had been many bets as to whether Norah would fulfil the natural hope of man, and when the time came the prairie people were wide-eyed with interest—for Norah was over forty.

The day had arrived. Would the Young Doctor never come out of that clap-board house which soaked the sun like a sponge, and yet was cooled within by the fresh breezes from the prairie? Was the Young Doctor bungling the business, was he?

A man's figure appeared in the doorway, stood for an instant, with head bent and eyes upon the ground, as though to consider something; then there was a quick step to where Nolan stood with the sweating, high-bred colt, which he had mastered.

As the Young Doctor came nearer, Nolan's eyes searched his face, then, with a puzzled look, he turned to the colt. "Steady, now, ye bunch o' beauty!" he said. "We'll start ye soon. The trail's waitin' for ye."

"Nolan Doyle," said the Young Doctor, who understood the assumed indifference—that smooth, outer mask which holds the rough, inner pain—"Nolan, you're wanted now."

"Did ye ever see a finer day!" said Nolan, not able to look the Young Doctor in the eyes, for he knew that trouble of some dark kind was come. "Norah'll be glad it's a day like this—'Happy is the birth that the sun shines on; happy are the dead that the rain rains on,'" he added; but his fingers trembled on the rein he held, as he quickly drew the colt nearer. "Ah, what is it, doctor, dear?" he suddenly burst out, with a note of agony in his voice. "Speak—what is it? Is all well? Is it over?"

THE Young Doctor shook his head in negation and ruled his face to calmness.

"Then what is it? Why are ye here? Doesn't she need you? Is it a thing to be done by any but you?"

"Be still, be still, Nolan," answered the other. "Keep a hand on yourself. You want a child, you want a child, I know—" He paused.

"God knows. What's to it all without a child! What should I be workin' for if it wasn't for a child? Well, then, the child—is it here?" he asked painfully.

"Tis not here. She was no lass of twenty. "Tis not here." The Young Doctor came nearer and laid a hand on Nolan's arm. "Steady now, and choose which it shall be—mother or child. It can't be both.



Collier's

I can save one or the other, not both. Which shall it be? She was no lass. Which shall it be? 'Tis for you to say."

The Young Doctor's words fell like the roar of a waterfall on his ears—"Which shall it be—mother or child? It can't be both."

Was this, then, the end—Norah or Norah's child? How had he longed for "the little imp" as he had sung but now! How he had thought always of a little lad, with hand in his, riding on the box beside him! How had the soul of him rung with the note of fatherhood!

"If it's she that's to stay, there could never be another child," said the Young Doctor.

"Never another, if it's she that's to stay," Nolan murmured, as though hardly grasping the tragic significance of the fact. Yet his face was white, and his eyes were dark with misery.

"You must say—now. There's no time. Is it to be the one you've not seen—or Norah?"

"What's that you're askin' me?" was the low, fierce reply. "God's blood, don't you know? Go on, go on, and tell Norah that she's not to fret that it couldn't be. Go on—to Norah, man," he added with a wild look in his eyes.

With swift steps the Young Doctor disappeared into the dark coolness of the house, leaving behind him the lost hopes of a man whom he had helped in other days to set upon his feet, and start again in life. "You couldn't be sure," he said to himself, as he entered the room where Norah struggled in that sea where man only stands upon the shore and watches till the storm goes down.

HEEDLESS of the colt, which now ran about with the long rein trailing after till a stable-boy, seeing, made it captive, Nolan sat upon the corner of a water-trough and looked at the house with eyes that saw only as through a dim, gray atmosphere which stifled the brain and sense. Norah or the child! Did the Young Doctor believe him then the kind of man that . . . ! But the thought of the little life that was his, his very own, which he had hoped to cheer him on, and make him work, and give him an end to aim at, it caught at his throat. And soon that little life would be lost, before the eyes had seen the sun, before the hands had reached out into the light of the world, before its voice had signaled back from sentient existence to the dim seas of being whence it had come, that it had found the shore.

In elementary understanding, he saw it all by virtue of the Celtic strain in him; and his brain swam on a flood of new impressions. He had leaped over vast spaces of life and experience in these few moments. How long he sat murmuring to himself, speaking Norah's name, bidding her not to mind—there was always the horses left!—he could not have told; but at last a woman came running from the house toward him. She was fat and scant of breath, and ere she reached him had not voice. Words failing her, she could only beckon to him.

"Is she safe?" he asked in a hoarse voice. Why should women be fat and scant of breath?

The woman nodded.

"Was it a boy?" he asked.

"Ah, a wonder boy," she said, "with a body like—like a young colt," she added, seeing the young-blooded horse led away.

"An' the face of him?" he inquired anxiously.

The woman turned her head away. He understood. Life took its tribute through death, and, with a harsh hand, had destroyed its own.

"Norah is asking for you," the woman said. "There never was a braver. Ah, but there's a heart for you! No man deserves it. She would have gone and left the boy alive to you, if she'd known. She sez so. No man's worth it, that's my idee. But it wasn't to be, and it was flying in the face of Providence. But she did her best, poor dearie."

Nolan did not answer, but he could have throttled her for the truths she had uttered.

Inside the darkened room, a few moments later,

he turned away from the little lost life which a woman made ready for its return to the nest of earth from whence it had come. He bent over Norah's bed again.

"You're a fine woman, Norah," he said; "the very finest. Come, now, smile at me," he urged. "We've a long way to go together yet. Smile, Norah, girl. You're back again from the Bad Lands. Smile!"

WITH clouded eyes, Norah faintly smiled. "You've a fine tooth in your head, Norah," he exclaimed—"as good as one that's twenty. I've broke the Enniskillen colt—a beauty," he added. "I'll bring him to your window to-morrow. You shall ride him next year. I'll give him to you. It's the best that's come from Queen of the Isles, tho' she's had twenty. There now, kape aisy."

"Can ye forgive me then, Nolan?" she asked brokenly. "Lord knows, I ought to have wint instead. You'll want some one by you as the years go on—some one, somethin' to live for."

member her age and the passing years? Her waist was little bigger than at twenty, and her hair hung down to her knees. The wrinkles, did they not come from laughing at Nolan's jokes and her brother Shannon's whimsies? Did she not step as light as any lass that tripped to school? How could she remember her age? Yet in her heart of hearts there was no illusion. There was a tiny grave just over the Rise where an ash-tree stood like a sentinel in the gold-brown prairie. Its top could be seen from the window of the great living-room, and her eyes were ever looking that way, while Nolan's head was ever turned from it! Or, if his eyes fell on the tree, a look came into them as though a veil was drawn over his sight. He talked faster and hustled more at such times, making a fuss at whatever he might be doing at the moment—lighting his pipe, sharpening the carving-knife, mending a piece of harness. He never walked in that direction, if he could help it; but Nolan stole away over the Rise to the whispering ash every day in summer except a Sunday, when he was away with his stage-coach or at a horse fair, or buying or selling or training.

"Shure, 'tis not natural," said her father to her one bright, cold winter day, at the old man's cottage under the Rise; "'tis blasphemy to take on so, when it was the Lord's doin'. And it never lived at all—'twas held back from livin' by the hand o' God. Can't ye see? Are ye no Christian, little girl?"

"I have no brains," she answered. "Tis not what I was made for, studyin' out why this was done, or wasn't. Tis enough to know 'twas done, an' what's come of it's bein' done."

"And what's come of it's bein' done, then—tell me that?" asked her mother, feebly lifting a cup of tea to her wrinkled mouth.

"Ah, what's come of it! Isn't he atin' his heart out—Nolan?"

"'Tis only your fancy. There never was a bolder tongue and a better man at table."

"Haven't I heard him singin'? 'Twas like a knife in me! Haven't I heard him talkin' in his sleep? 'Come on, then, me little lad. Up on the box wid ye!' and that kind of thing, he'd say. He's dreamin' now that never dreamt before out loud like that. 'Tisn't brains ye need to know truth. 'Tis a true heart and the quick ear of one that's got it."

"What was the song he sings that struck ye so?" asked her father.

Her eyes took on a strange look as she recited Nolan's song:

"Shure, the longest day has endin', and the wildest storm has fallin'—
There's a young gossoon in yander, and he sits upon my knee;
There's a churchful for the christenin'—do you hear the imp a-callin'?
He's the pride of Mary Callaghan and me!"

"It's like a man singin' to hide his shame," she added.

"What's that ye're sayin', Norah?" asked her mother. "What's the shame y're speakin' of, then?"

With a sharp cry Nolan stretched out her hands. The barriers that clouded her view of the exact truth had broken down. She saw the whole elementary facts in one revealing moment.

"Oh, shame it is to him that he's denied what is the pride of man," she said. "I know—ah, shure, I know! I oughtn't to have married him. I made him do it—I made him. I drew him into it. 'Twas at the bedside of the two of ye that he ate the dish I made for him. I was never a wife for him, he that ought to have had a girl of twenty."

The true facts had possessed her at last. She saw herself, her vanity, her obtuseness, her self-deceit, her deception to him, laid bare.

"I'm older than him—I'm older," she went on. "I'm an old woman. I never was a wife for him, and he knows it, and he knew it from the first. And I couldn't carry it through with all my willin' and fightin'—'twas no matter for prayin' that, but just flyin' in the face of Providence. But the willin' and the fightin' come to nothin'; and now he's off, he's off to one that's twenty. He's gone to one that's



"Peace, woman!" said her father sharply. "Are ye mad?"

what I was long since, with hair like a sheaf of wheat in the sun, and the rest of her—”

Her hands dropped in despair, she sat down helplessly, and rocked backward and forward in her misery.

“Who’s that you’re speakin’ of?” said her father, with a furtive glance of understanding to her mother and a quick nod of comprehension. “Who’s that with the harvest hair, and the rest of her—”

“A harvest for reapin’,” Norah broke in with a passionate gesture.

“Hush, for shame on ye!” spoke her mother. “Have ye no pride? The man’s yours, and he knows he’s yours, and what’s to fear, I want to know?”

Norah gave a bitter laugh. “D’ye think all men are like your own husband?” she asked harshly. “Nolan’s turned from me to her.”

The old man got up and came over to her. “Who is she? Where does she live? Where does he see her, Norah girl?” he asked.

She sprang to her feet. “Don’t call me girl again,” she cried. “I’m none o’ that. I ought to have stayed with you. Shure, me spring was long since done. Me summer is that far gone ‘tis but a memory, and me winter’s here. And it’s cold—God knows it’s cold,” she said drearily.

“Who is she?” urged her mother.

“Tis the sister of Jacques Charron, that keeps the tavern at Pardon’s Drive. Nolan passes every day. He never misses a day with his stage-coach now—one day in going and one day in coming, and the long night between.”

“Peace, woman!” said her father sharply. “Are ye mad?”

“Last night in his sleep he said her name. And to-day he’s gone to her. Tis not the stage day. He sent Shannon with the stage yesterday. But he couldn’t stay away. So he’s gone to her.”

SHE turned toward the window and watched the first flurries of a snowstorm coming over the prairie. “Ah, wurra, wurra, I feel that I’d like the storm comin’ there to swallow him up; and me with him—and me with him. There’d be peace if the storm would swallow us up together.”

“Poor lad, that would be hard on him,” said the old man dryly, “if so be it’s true that ye made him marry ye.”

“Twas his duty to stay true,” said the old woman. “There was the marriage lines.”

“Can ye rule the blood by lines on a paper?” said Norah with a voice so cheerless that her father sat down by her and stroked her hand.

“I heard something about it,” he said gently, “and I spoke to the Young Doctor about it; but he said: ‘Lave be,’ he said. ‘Twill work itself out. The Charron girl yonder’s a good girl, but only likin’ to be noticed by a handsome man. Lave be and he’ll right himself,’ he said. ‘If he doesn’t, ye can’t cure it by interferin’—that’s what he said; an’ he’s a man that’s got more sinse than you or me, oranny of us.’”

Norah rose. “Yes, we’ll lave be,” she said. “What’s the good of not lavin’ it be? If I kill him, I’ve lost him just as sure as if he wint with the girl. I’ve thought of killin’ us both,” she added, with a quiet glitter of her eyes, “but he’d leave me in hell just the same if I did. But if the storm would do it, aye, if the storm would do it—together—”

The drifts of snow softly rising in the distance seemed to fascinate her eyes.

“You’d better be goin’, Norah,” said her mother solicitously. “You’ll only get home now before the storm gets goin’ hard.”

QUTSIDE the door Norah turned and looked toward the barren arms of the ash-tree standing beside the grave of her baby that perished as it came. She made as if she would go to it through the snow, but changed her mind and went down the slope to her house. Arrived there, she went straight to the barn and summoned one of the hands. A few minutes later, in the growing storm, with the wind becoming sharper every minute, she took the trail to Pardon’s Drive alone.

A madness had seized her to go and bring Nolan back or to go and take by the throat the girl that drew him away from her; or to die with him in the storm—in the soft, enfolding, quiet snow which had covered up so many tired pioneers of life.

She did not know quite why she went; but she felt that she must go. Some dark fascination of destiny was on her. The touch of the mystic in her Celtic blood stirred her, absorbed her. She was only conscious that she

was driving, driving, and forever driving toward Pardon’s Drive. How long it was, how cold it was, how still it was, this long road to Pardon’s Drive! Did Nolan find it so long as he drove day after day? Ah, no, Nolan found it short, for there was some one waiting at the end, a flower of life, to be plucked for his wearing! Words Nolan had sung in the days before their tragedy haunted her ears now as the horses plunged through deeper and deeper snow, as the rugs on her knees became piled higher and higher with the soft flakes, as the drifts gathered heavier and heavier in the sleigh where she sat.

*It was as fine a churchful as you ever clapt an eye on;
Oh, the bells was ringin’ gaily, and the sun was shinin’ free;
There was singers, there was clargy—“Bless you both,” says Father Tryon—
They was weddin’ Mary Callaghan and me.”*

By and by it seemed that they made no progress. Heavily, with stupefying weariness, the horses plowed their way through the snow. How many hours had she been going? She did not know. Night was falling, and she had no idea where she was, nor did she much care. The cold was numbing, and her body seemed to grow less and less material. She was like one that was slowly withdrawing her soul’s self from its mortal home, leaving that home desolate and still and nerveless.

But the horses knew. They had been over this trail how many hundred times! Their feet felt the true road under them—felt it, kept it. Their senses were concentrated on one thing—the end of the journey, rest, food, the warm stable at Pardon’s Drive. Their tragedy would be in not getting there; Nolan’s tragedy might be—would it be?—in getting there.

None knows the silence of this world who has not been blanketed by falling snow and swept by drift. There is no universe, no time, nothing but this wheeling sphere of your own in which you move alone—alone, the whole world dead but you.

INTO this vast solitude, this silence, this dead world, a light suddenly pierced. It was the lantern hanging outside the door of Jacques Charron’s tavern at Pardon’s Drive.

Yet Norah did not move. She was like one who has lost consciousness of life and time.

They carried her in—it had not been easy to unloose her fingers from the reins. As she was laid down on a sofa she was only conscious of two things—the voice of a child and the voice of Nolan. “Norah! Norah!” Nolan’s voice called. It was so very far away.

At length she waked, and it seemed to her that she had been asleep for years, so changed were her feelings, so peaceful was her mind. An old woman sat beside her and leaned forward when her eyes opened.

“So. It is good. I tell them to leave you to me,” the old woman said. “I have seen it, that cold. *Bien sur!* I have seen them all stiff. It was not so with you. You had no heart to fight that cold—so, like that.” The quizzical, kindly eyes searched Norah’s. “*Bien*, it is good to sleep.”

“How long have I slept—where am I?” Norah asked.

“In Jacques Charron’s house, so quiet and nice, *voilà*.” Again the old eyes searched Norah’s face.

A cloud gathered in Norah’s eyes. “Yes, I remember. Twas hard on the horses. Twas Nolan’s best team. Are they all right? Nolan’s not like to see them bad.”

Her eyes went round the room eagerly, plaintively, yet not with the bitter passion, the hopeless pain of—when was it? How long was it since she came? What had happened? Where was Nolan? The child’s voice she heard—was it all a dream? Nolan’s voice? Had she imagined that his arms were round her, laying her down, stroking her face?

“How long have I been here?” she asked. “*Quelle heure?* It was nine to the clock. Now, it is twelve. *Certainement!* They have gone to bed, all but you and me, and—”

A child’s voice rose plaintively in the night—so near. Why did it pierce to Norah’s heart, make her tremble so?

She raised herself on her elbow and turned in the direction of the small voice. The old woman opened a door softly, and made a gesture for her to see. Her heart stood still.

There, in a rocking-chair in the next room,

(Continued on page 22)



She was like one who has lost consciousness of life



The Uprising of the Girls

By SARAH COMSTOCK



Some Circumstances of the Strike of Over Thirty Thousand Garment Makers

CLARA LEMBICH, a little Russian girl of sixteen with a pompadour behind just like that of any other girl of sixteen, was the one who pressed the button. Because she rose in a labor meeting and moved that the shirt-waist makers strike, between thirty and forty thousand girls quit work in New York City alone, and news of more going out, more and still more has come in from factories all over the East.

The thing amounts to an uprising such as has never been known since woman entered the Garden of Eden. The strike fever spread like the plague, and organizers belonging to the Woman's Trade Union League have struggled in vain to stop it. Stop Pelée in eruption. An army of girls, turned loose from their shops on the streets, could not be handled; day by day the army increased. From shirt-waist makers the epidemic spread to dressmakers, and it threatened for a time to include all the ladies' garment workers. Remember that the bulk of all this work is done by girls; that even such a small detail as the mere sewing on of buttons gives employment to thousands; and you may gain some conception of what this uprising means to industry. Many employers risked ruin in holding out; already one hundred and seventy shops have signed, agreeing to the girls' terms, and seventeen thousand of the girls are back at work under contract—that is, a half, more or less, have won their fight, the strike being only two and a half weeks old.

The Greatest Feminine Strike

IN A MEETING at Cooper Union, Samuel Gompers suggested that the interests of the shirt-waist maker might conflict with the largest profit of her employer. He suggested it somewhat forcibly. Promptly the little sixteen-year-old bobbed up in the audience and made her motion. It was seconded and carried—to what end, in the design of things, nobody yet knows. We have had girls' strikes before—some appeared big at the time. On the will of the neckwear makers next Easter's scarfs hung for days in the balance. The hat trimmers hindered the stitching of sweat-bands and ribbon bands and postmen's vizors for ten months. But every feminine strike of the past is dwarfed by this. It has passed the point of a battle for one specified demand, such as shorter hours or more pay or no lay-offs or clean shops. It sweeps up all these and more besides into one great grievance. It says that the girls have borne as much and as long as they will. That they have racked their nerves and risked their health and starved their bodies and suffered insult to the limit of their endurance. But many of these girls are well paid and decently treated. The fever is upon these no less than the others. They have snapped their thread and donned their hats for the sake of the other girls—the girls who earn three, four, five dollars a week perhaps, and feed more mouths than their own.

On the November Monday, the 22d, when, at a ten-o'clock signal given in each shirt-waist factory, the girls walked out of the shops, they repaired to Clinton Hall, wherein many East Side unions hold

their headquarters. Women strikers have congregated there before, but their numbers to these were as an afternoon tea to an army. From Fifth Avenue shops, from Broadway shops, from East and West Side shops the strikers surged in.

Clinton Hall is over in that part of the East Side where grapes and fur scarfs and suspenders are sold from an endless row of push-carts, and where children are thicker than mosquitoes in Nome, and where old women trot about wearing brown wigs parted in the middle instead of hats. If Clinton Hall ever prided itself upon being a masculine rendezvous that day is past. On a morning early in the strike I threaded my way between push-carts and wigs, and at last fought a passage into the entrance hall. Girls were everywhere: girls, girls, girls. Occasional men were interspersed.

"I understood that this was the headquarters

"That's right. This here's the place," responded an authority.

"But I thought—" This was a scene of gaiety and flirtation. My preconceived idea of a strike was a somber meeting where somber resolutions were made, and there was always a background of mothers wiping their eyes with their aprons and vowing that they would still endure for the Great Cause, and of babes who wept bitterly for a soup bone to suck.

"Them's the strikers," said the authority, and his hand swept all the groups. "Somethin' like eighty-five per cent of the shirt-waist makers are girls, an' it looks like most of 'em are here, don't it?"

"But they don't look as if they had any grievance," I objected. It is always painful to renounce a pre-conceived picture.

"Just because they're laughin' ain't no sign they don't mean business," my guide responded. "You talk to 'em and find out. Le's see—Emma talks English. Here—Emma!"

A girl of fifteen left off a Yiddish flirtation and came forward.

"Tell this lady whether you mean to hold out."

Instantly there was a transformation. From a Ghetto coquette the child passed in the twinkling of an eye to an orator.

"Hold out?" she cried. "Do we mean to hold out? You look. You'll see. My boss he says: 'What's the matter with you?' he says when I talk to him. 'You make ten dollar a week. You ain't got no kick.' I says: 'If I ain't got no kick for myself I got one for them girls you ain't payin' but three or four dollar,' I says."

"That's right."

"You bet it's time we kick."

Bread-Winners for Families

APPARENT equivalents in Yiddish chorused. A group had at once gathered around the impromptu speaker.

"Then you make ten dollars a week?" I said.

"Sure. I make good money. I need to. It's dangerous what I do. I sew on buttons wit' a machine. Look at that finger. It hurt terrible. I go to the dispensary."

"Do you support anybody besides yourself on your ten dollars?"

"Sure. My mother's sick; she can't work."

"How much does your living cost you?"

"I pay nine dollar a mont' for two rooms. Sometimes we eat five dollar, sometimes six, in a week. We live good—I ain't got no kick. But the boss he's got to pay all the girls what they got a right to. Look at Sadie here. Say, it is to cry to see that girl."

Sadie appeared, a child of about thirteen. "What do you earn?" I asked her.

"Three and a half."

"Do you pay more than your own way?"

"Sure. My grandfather, he can't walk. I keep us. I gotta have the money. We ain't got nothin' saved. I gotta have the money," she repeated. She had a knitted scarf tied over her head, a marked sign of poverty in this dressy multitude; within it her little face looked pinched with need and set with anxiety.



Mrs. Rose Pastor Stokes
Addressing the meeting of the strikers in the Lipzin Theatre

of the shirt-waist strikers," I faltered at last, having tried in vain to break into several groups. I had come to observe the Crisis of a Social Condition; but apparently this was a Festive Occasion. Lingerie waists were elaborate, puffs towered; there were picture turbans and diamond pendants.



The Vigilant, Unfriendly Cop

"Say, ain't it to cry to look at her?" repeated the prosperous Emma.

At the end of a swarming corridor I found fortifications of tables where the Woman's Trade Union League was conducting an information bureau. This organization is under the leadership of certain social workers and "organizers," and is a sort of foster-mother to women's unions. At the first news of the strike its officers went to Clinton Hall, and there they have toiled day and night, endeavoring to bring order out of chaos.

A line of girls, thirty or more long, balked my progress.

"What is their goal?" I asked a member of the League.

"Registration. They are girls who have never belonged to a



Taking Prisoners into the Jefferson Market Prison



Pickets on Wooster Street

in. For a deposit of twenty-five cents the non-union girls were being admitted to the organization. At my right, queries and complaints in general found refuge.

"There!" said Miss Pike, suddenly turning to me. "Did you hear that? People won't believe it, but we have proved it over and over!"

Two excited young Italians had just appealed to her for help. Their story ran that a group of girls had been sent to a certain Wooster Street shop as pickets, peaceful picketing being legitimate in the State of New York. The employer, annoyed by their attempts to induce scabs to leave him, had engaged a gang of toughs, strike-breakers, to guard his shop by frightening the pick-



The Rutgers Square Mass Meeting

been like handling a vast kindergarten to control them.

"Can't you help?" somebody asked me. A minute later I was ensconced at a table taking down addresses. They were of small East Side halls where groups of unorganized striking girls had been gathered, that a speaker from the League might address them and urge them to organize.

"Say, you send a speaker quick—right now. The girls are there and they don't wanna wait."

"Say, they're all leavin'. We can't keep 'em. Hurry up a speaker in Italian." Another address.

"Have we an Italian speaker?" I broke away to ask a League officer, while a clamor of "We want a Yiddish . . ." "Say, they won't wait no longer . . ." "Say, ain't there nobody to tell 'em not to give in?" dinned in my ears.

"Can't get an Italian to-day. Hardest thing to find," said Miss Marot.

At my left was the table where money flowed



Alleged Strike-Breakers

ets away, and the intimidated girls were now unable to approach the shop, the policeman on duty being accused of supporting the toughs.

Picketing and its results have furnished more excitement than any other phase of this spectacular strike. Hundreds of girls have guarded the various shops, pacing arm in arm before the doors, instructed to endeavor by moral suasion to prevent scabs from entering. The term "scab," by the way, is broadly applied in factory-girl parlance; it is not limited to a union traitor, but is flung at any girl who works during a strike.

But although the instructions run "moral suasion," somehow other elements have crept in: witness the hurling of pie and the kicking of shins as example. Just where the trouble begins it is hard for an outsider to say; but girl has met girl, and presently there have been a torn plume, a bedraggled bow, a detached cluster of puffs, and an officer on the spot, then a patrol wagon



Meeting of Strikers in the Lipzin Theatre

To recruit for the parade which marched to the City Hall, on December 3, where a protest was submitted to Mayor McClellan against the unfair attitude of the police



The Pretzel Man

union, but they have caught the striking fever and have gone out—and now they find themselves without work, without a head, confused, frightened, excited."

The girls in this room were in truth "confused, frightened, excited." Yiddish words, Yiddish gestures, here and there Italian chatter made a pandemonium. Flirtations had been left in the entrance hall; here was the real chaos of the strike.

"He gotta raise me. I don't work till he does," one would tell another.

"Them scabs, they make us starve."

"Say, I tell the boss it's good if he go broke after what he done to us."

Vindictiveness, determination, anxiety leaked through the talk even when it was in an unknown tongue. They were mature vindictiveness, determination, anxiety too. And yet few of these girls were over twenty, many as young as twelve. Mrs. Weyl has since said to me that it has

Collier's

Hostile and Friendly Comment

From the West

COLLIER'S, which has assumed saintly views on matters worldly and a severely critical attitude toward the truthfulness of newspapers, has been convicted of two colossal fakes itself. Verily the way of the four-flusher is hard."

—Des Moines (Ia.) Capital.

"**M**ANDAN, N. DAK. I prize much your fearless conservative attitude and your articles meet my views to a T."

—L. N. CARY."

"**C**OLLIER'S WEEKLY, which never publishes a fact when a falsehood would sell more copies. . . ."

—Marion (Ind.) Chronicle.

"**C**OLLIER'S WEEKLY usually has editorials in its columns which are marked by not only what may be termed excellent English, but extreme sanity."—Porterville (Cal.) Messenger.

"**C**OLLIER'S WEEKLY, by no means a sensational publication. . . ."—Portland (Ore.) Journal.

"Our alarmist friend, COLLIER'S WEEKLY. . . ."

—Denver (Colo.) Republican.

"**C**OLLIER'S WEEKLY is rendering distinguished service to the whole nation in its fight upon Secretary Ballinger of the Department of the Interior. In putting it straight up to President Taft to dismiss Ballinger from the public service, it is putting the responsibility where it belongs, and speedily and wisely bringing the issue to a cross. . . ."—Dubuque (Iowa) Telegram.

". . . We had not been aware that the editor of COLLIER'S WEEKLY had been called to the Cabinet."—Butte (Mont.) Inter-Mountain.

". . . Secretary Ballinger doubtless wishes COLLIER'S WEEKLY was simply an illustrated magazine."—Milwaukee (Wis.) Journal.

". . . The editor of COLLIER'S isn't the only crazy man running at large in this country."—Topeka (Kans.) Capital.

". . . For the sake of Mr. Taft, his Administration, and the country, it is to be hoped that the President may be guided by his own good sense of justice and be swayed less and less by Bourbonism."—Portland (Ore.) Journal.

"Now that President Taft is back in Washington, COLLIER'S and the Chicago Tribune will be relieved of the responsibility of running the Government."—Janesville (Wis.) Gazette.

"The next President will be a Democrat. But the people will not permit COLLIER'S to pick out the man."—Columbus (Ohio) News.

"**F**ORT MADISON, IOWA.

"Go on with your work, and some day a grateful public will say nice things on your headstone, if not before."

C. F. WEHRER, M.D."

"**C**OLLIER'S, in its last issue, weeps tears at the thought of the excessive freight rates charged Salt Lake, in comparison with the rates charged California points. If COLLIER'S would but turn its eyes hitherward it would find cause for weeping indeed. To us the Salt Lake rates seem all that is fair and right and low; we, on the freight-rate apex of the United States, in lonely grandeur look down upon all other rates everywhere. Has COLLIER'S no tears to shed for our sad case?"

—Grand Junction (Colo.) News.

"We do not see any other way out of it, in order to secure peace, except for Secretary Ballinger and Uncle Joe Cannon to send their resignations to COLLIER'S at once."

—Akron (Ohio) Journal.

". . . COLLIER'S is the best, most honest and independent publication in the United States. . . ."

—F. M. ANNIS, Aurora, Ill."

"You certainly are voicing the sentiments of this section of the country, and even further West. . . ."

W. O. COLLINS, Chicago, Ill."

"If evidence of an existing conspiracy to compass the downfall of Secretary of the Interior Ballinger were lacking, it is to be found in the strenuous effort of COLLIER'S National Mouthpiece of muckraking, Socialism and Anarchy, to bring Mr. Ballinger into disrepute. . . ."

—Telluride (Colo.) Journal.

"Unless President Taft is more fatuous than is popularly supposed, he will not long delay an energetic and searching investigation of the charges against Secretary Richard A. Ballinger of the Department of the Interior. . . ."

—McKeesport (Pa.) Times.

"It is safe to bet that Mr. Ballinger did not order one hundred extra copies of COLLIER'S WEEKLY containing the article written by Mr. Glavis."—Wichita (Kans.) Eagle.

and a group of strikers whirled off to the station, thence to the Jefferson Market Court. Two hundred and fifty arrests have been made. Sometimes a reprimand, oftener a three or five dollar fine follows.

"Mr. Grossman just telephoned for fifty dollars for bail," Mrs. Walter Weyl of the League said to me one evening. "These arrests are a terrible drain on the treasury of the union. And the girls are being arrested unjustly."

This complaint has been made repeatedly by the union and the League. They claim that the girl pickets have been falsely accused of disturbing the peace, that the police side with the employers. This feeling reached a climax by the end of a fortnight when some two thousand girls marched with banners to the City Hall to request the Mayor to put a stop to injustice from the police.

"Peaceful picketing is the right of every woman," ran the banners' legend.

Clinton Hall has been the caldron of the strike from first to last. Here union strikers have poured in to compare grievances and hearten one another; non-union strikers to register and "join." Employers have come here to settle; blackboard bulletins have kept the workers informed of the shops settled, where they might find work again. Through the clamoring, angry, merry, flirting, anxious, complaining, hysterical thousands seething there, the old bearded Jews pass constantly with their baskets of pretzels and apples. A penny or two will buy such a lunch, and, munching it, the strikers have stood by their colors.

But when night comes there is food at home. So far few cases of need have been reported. If the strike continues long there will be a different story

(Continued on page 20)

At The New Theatre

THE interesting possibilities of The New Theatre and its stock company

By ARTHUR RUHL

forts—a deliciously ironical character played with droll unctuous by

Mr. William McVay. There is

the almost cringing yet gentlemanly and somehow likable secretary, Tench, done by Mr. Cecil Yapp, the meek parson of "The Cottage in the Air"; Mr. Wanklin is played by Mr. Jacob Wendell, Jr.—our own Mr. Wendell, most of the others being English—and so on.

One readily pictures the scene as it would probably be presented on the stage of our ordinary theaters—were Mr. Galsworthy's play presented there at all—the president, so considerably treated by nature, his tailor, and stage-manager; the uncomfortable directors looking as if they wished they were anywhere else, with those frightful gray wigs and whiskers which bankers and capitalists not of stellar magnitude wear on the stage.

As for the furniture, wall-paper, and so on, that would all depend—of course, these things are well looked after sometimes—but, in any case, I do not fancy that Mr. Carnegie or Mr. Baer or Mr. Morgan or any one accustomed to directors' meetings would be impressed, as he ought to be impressed, with the fact that maybe Mr. Galsworthy was putting him into a play.

As the heavy velvet curtains of The New Theatre draw quietly aside, one has, on the other hand, the thrilling sensation of having penetrated beyond three or four doorkeepers and office boys into the very midst of—not a well-acted imitation, but the real thing itself. Every one of the gentlemen seated round the polished mahogany table looks as if he were quite used to his excellent clothes and the long cigar he is smoking, not to mention the superlative automobile which is evidently waiting for him below. Looks so and talks so, too, although the crisp and agreeable English in which each expresses himself is, perhaps, more common to British magnates than to our own business men, and to well-trained actors than to either.

From the mahogany sideboard to the warm, rich light in which the directors are bathed, everything is solid, luxurious, and eminently respectable. When the president's daughter opens the folding-doors into an adjoining room one catches a glimpse of similar solidity beyond, of imposing spaces, not intended to pop into and out of, but to move through sedately and with a certain air.

Directors de Luxe

THE actors were all playing Shakespeare and "Antony and Cleopatra" last night, and they will do light modern comedy in "The Cottage in the Air" to-morrow. They not only know how to act, but how to sit still and look like directors.

There is John Anthony, president of the company, admirably done by Mr. Louis Calvert, an industrial captain of the old school, past seventy now, vigorous, unyielding as Gibraltar. He built the business, he is the business. The workmen's families may starve—he stands for a principle. Give in once and you must give in all along the line. There can be but one master in the house.

Then there is his son, played by Mr. A. E. Anson, the rugged, stately Octavius Caesar of last night. He is of a new generation, a weaker generation, as the father would say, and he feels it only the part of humanity for the company to yield a bit. There is a fussy director, ingeniously made up by Mr. Ferdinand Gottschalk, for whom this whole life-and-death struggle came down to a mere question of when he is going to get away to Florida with his wife.

Directly in the audience's line of vision, and setting the key, as it were, of the scene, is the vague elephantine profile of Mr. Scantlebury, half asleep in his chair with his hands on his stomach and only aroused to absurd occasional grunts by something which seems to threaten his personal comfort or his next dinner. He is a kindly enough old party with a dislike for anything unpleasant, even the discomfort of feeling himself responsible for others' discom-

The Irony of a Strike

FROM the point of view of construction, the fact is merely an exposition of the case for capital and for labor. Yet so fair and intelligent is Mr. Galsworthy's presentation of each side, so nicely is each side differentiated on the stage, that the scene moves from the moment the curtain rises, ends with decks cleared for action, and gives the audience at all times a feeling of grip on the solid texture of life very unusual in the theater.

The action progresses through the scene in Roberts's house, in which we see him refuse to accept help from his employer's daughter, although his wife, Annie, is dying practically of starvation, to a well-managed strikers' mass-meeting in the mill-yard. And it is typical of the ironic rôle which poor humanity seems to Mr. Galsworthy to play, that after all sorts of sincere and conflicting eloquence the workmen are pummelling each other in a free-for-all fight as the curtain falls. In the last act the directors throw over old Anthony and decide to compromise, and the workmen, having come to the same conclusion, throw over Roberts.

The stage gradually clears, and the leaders, broken men now, stumble out by opposite doors. Then little Tench, the secretary, discovers that the grounds of compromise were exactly those that he and Harness, the union's delegate, had presented and seen refused by both sides at the beginning of the strike.

"That's where the fun comes in!" says Harness cheerfully as he strides off the stage.

In short, Mr. Galsworthy has no theory to preach, no glimmer of a solution. It is the irony of the situation rather than its hopeful possibilities that seems to impress him. He sees two sides hopelessly deadlocked, and he presents them with absolute fairness as each appears to itself. Perhaps that is all that we may demand of an artist—leaving it for the audience to get up early next morning and find a way out.

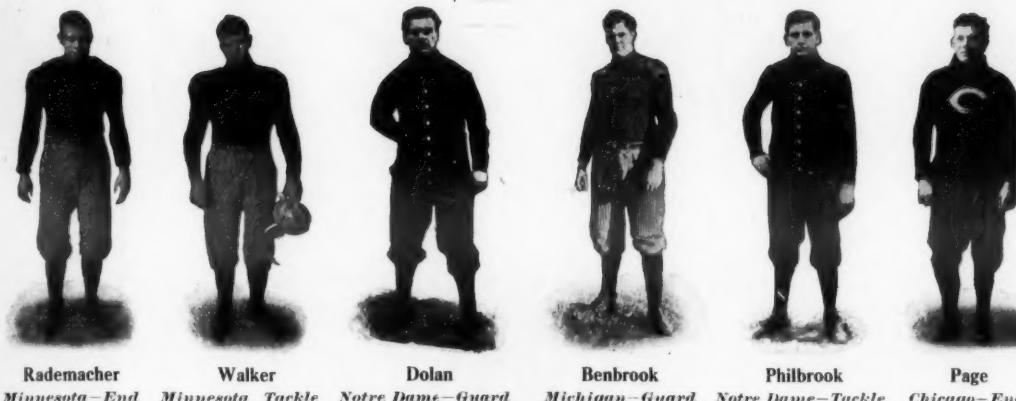
It is a play peculiarly fitted to reveal the all-round excellence of The New Theatre company, and they have made the most of the opportunity.

I do not wish to exaggerate the importance of good clothes. Ibsen could be played on a pine board, and it is an old story that art sometimes stops growing when it doesn't have to work for a living.

Yet if there is moral support in a cold shower and a fresh shirt, may not something be said of the mental refreshment to be obtained from a piece so thoroughly well set and acted, and in merely spending an evening among presentable-appearing people in a place so spacious, unfretful, and agreeable?

One wouldn't like to have the theater taken quite out of business. No longer to enjoy the esoteric de-

(Concluded on page 20)



The All-Western Football Team

By E. C. PATTERSON

An extremely complex football situation has resulted in the West from the season of 1909. While the East has its unquestioned champion, it has been a difficult problem to select the Western champion because of the defeat of Michigan by Notre Dame quite early in the season. Few of any of those who control the destinies of football in the West were willing to concede that Notre Dame won the Western championship, even though the Notre Dame eleven finished the season without a defeat, while they whipped Michigan, the conqueror of Minnesota.

Maybe the cause of this lay in suspicions which often found vent in the news columns that Notre Dame's eligibility code was not strict enough; it was declared by football critics that Notre Dame cared little or nothing for any eligibility code. This was a feeling which seemed to be shared pretty generally throughout the West. Had Notre Dame been a member of the Conference, investigation of all suspicions would instantly have been made, but since she was not a member of the Conference and did not play Conference teams, the Conference colleges had no occasion to investigate.

In naming the Western champion and in picking an All-Western eleven, the author can not confine himself to Conference teams, so in order to do full justice to all a thorough investigation was made of the records of five members of the Notre Dame team as to their eligibility.

When the season was at an end the Michigan team was selected by nearly all critics as the Western champion, in spite of the fact that it was decisively beaten by Notre Dame. Why? Because of suspicions, unproven, concerning several players on the Notre Dame team. Suspicion pointed its finger at Dimmick, Philbrook, and Dolan as having played more than four years.

Notre Dame the Champion

FROM the president of Whitman College it was learned that Philbrook and Dimmick played on the Whitman College team in 1905 and 1906 as preparatory students and in 1907 as college students. Even though Notre Dame was playing under Conference rules, these two players would be eligible, as the Conference rules distinctly state that the player's first year's work on a college team as a preparatory student shall not be counted against him, but the second year and each succeeding year shall be.

President W. J. Kerr of the Oregon Agricultural College advises us that Dolan took preparatory work at that

First Team		Second Team	
RADEMACHER, Minnesota	End	DEAN, Wisconsin	
WALKER, Minnesota	Tackle	BOYLE, Wisconsin	
DOLAN, Notre Dame	Guard	BUTZER, Illinois	
FARNUM, Minnesota	Center	SMITH, Michigan	
BENBROOK, Michigan	Guard	POWERS, Minnesota	
PHILBROOK, Notre Dame	Tackle	DUTTER, Indiana	
PAGE, Chicago	End	CONKLIN, Michigan	
McGOVERN, Minnesota	Quarter-back	SEILER, Illinois	
ALLERDICE, Michigan	Half-back	CRAWLEY, Chicago	
MAGIDSOHN, Michigan	Half-back	MILLER, Notre Dame	
PICKERING, Minnesota	Full-back	WILCE, Wisconsin	

fairness to all concerned, to the Notre Dame team must be conceded the championship of the West.

Michigan played Wasmund, a four-year man, against Notre Dame and several other teams, but could not under the rules play him when she met Minnesota at Northrup field. It was on account of her decisively beating Minnesota, which in turn had won decisive victories over all the teams she had played against, especially Wisconsin and Chicago, that she was declared champion of the West by critics who had eliminated Notre Dame as a contender.

Michigan has, as is commonly known, a training table, while none of the Conference teams are permitted to have it. At the present writing this seems to be the bone of contention that keeps Michigan out of the Conference.

Easy to Pick the Men

EVERY one who is interested in football in the West, especially thousands of alumni of Michigan, Chicago, and Wisconsin, want those colleges brought together, training table or no training table. The elimination of the Michigan-Chicago game in the West is as deplorable as would be the abandonment of the Yale-Harvard game.

Despite the complexity of the champion ship situation, the specific task of selecting an All-Western football eleven has been in a measure easier than for several seasons past. The reason lies in the fact that public opinion has turned naturally to players who by force of their absolute superiority have attracted attention. Among these men may be mentioned practically every player named herewith on the first eleven, with the possible exception of one end and one half-back.

I have named Rademacher of Minnesota and Page of Chicago for the end positions. Rademacher was without a peer in the West. Some of his playing was the best the West has ever seen; the open style of the new game brought out all of his highly excellent natural qualifications. He was a prime figure in at least one-quarter of the formations which Minnesota used against Chicago and Wisconsin. His open field tackling was superb, and he seemed to possess that rare faculty of timing his run down the field under punts so that he



Farnum
Minnesota-Center



McGovern



Allerdice
Mich.-Half-back



Pickering
Minn.-Full-back



Magidsohn
Mich.-Half-back

college in 1905 only. Father Crumley, a member of the faculty at Notre Dame, assured the writer that Notre Dame made every investigation thought necessary concerning her players, and was satisfied that they were eligible to represent Notre Dame, excepting against Conference teams.

In view of the foregoing facts, in

Hostile and Friendly Comment

From the South

EVERY time we happen to pick up COLLIER'S WEEKLY, we are again impressed with what a remarkable paper it is. We are inclined to believe it is fully justified in claiming to be The National Weekly. There is no other weekly with which we are familiar which equals it in the breadth of view with which it treats subjects of local and national interest.

"It has done more than any other one publication to arouse the public conscience and to improve civic, legislative, and political conditions. When we read it we are more and more impressed with the greater value of an independent paper—one which is not bound by party name or party ties, which is kindly but fearless, just, though sometimes severe."—Lexington (Ky.) Herald.

"COLLIER'S is the most determined fighter for what it believes to be right that has ever been produced in the United States."

—Frankfort (Ky.) News.

"RICHMOND, VA.
I want to be fair to all, and herewith extend my congratulations to you on your short article in issue of December 4, in regard to placing the statue of Lee in Statuary Hall.
"JOHN E. ETCHEISON, JR."

"COLLIER'S hits the nail squarely on the head when it shows that Virginia is not compelled to seek the sanction of anybody in placing the statue of Lee in the Statuary Hall in the Capitol at Washington. . . ."—Norfolk (Va.) Dispatch.

"We assume Secretary Ballinger has canceled his subscription to COLLIER'S WEEKLY."

—Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.

". . . COLLIER'S has taken a brave stand on many subjects. It has fought crooks and fakers and grafters with courage and intelligence. It has stood resolutely for right and has battled bravely against wrong. COLLIER'S is therefore to be honored as a national institution, and its publisher is to be accepted as a man who speaks the truth. . . ."—Atlanta (Ga.) Georgian.

"I greatly enjoy your magazine. It is well edited and its physical characteristics are pleasingly artistic. First I devour your editorial page, and, after scanning the advertisements, regale myself with studying the advertisements, for one of the most fascinating things to me is to note the ever-increasing uniqueness of the 'ad' displays. Of course I do not slight the current events, so succinctly presented, nor the fiction; but a magazine without sparkling, spicy editorials and artistic advertisements could be to me but a bunch of dry essays. . . ."
—W. M. BICKEN, Richmond, Va."

". . . COLLIER'S WEEKLY, and other rabid, rotten, and capitalistic-owned periodicals. . . ."
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". . . This great paper does not claim to be out and out for prohibition, but it stands for national decency, fairness, and truth."
—Atlanta (Ga.) Golden Age.

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—Salem (Va.) Register and Sentinel.

". . . COLLIER'S has always displayed a sense of humor and is never dull, but when an editor who has classified, quite properly, too, the President with the special interests expresses a hope for his future glory, it excels almost the best humorists of all time."
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and the ball reached the opposing player at the same instant.

"Pat Page" of Chicago is picked for the other extremity simply because Page would not be left off any eleven by any coach. As will be remembered, Page played a phenomenal end for Chicago in 1908, and was the universal choice by the critics for end position. Page is not looked upon as an especially good quarter-back, but this is because he has not made any sensational quarter-back runs. This is accounted for by the fact that he had a weak ankle nearly all the season and the greater handicap of a weak line in front of him.

Conklin of Michigan, Dean of Wisconsin, and Mathews of Notre Dame are splendid ends.

Walker of Minnesota and Philbrook of Notre Dame are picked for tackle positions on the first eleven, while Boyle of Wisconsin and Dutter of Indiana are selected for the same positions on the second eleven.

Walker is one of the shining stars in the West. His particular strength is in getting through the line and breaking up plays. Many of the formations of Wisconsin and Chicago were spoiled by this one player. He was down the field neck and neck with even a fleet end like Rademacher.

It is a close race between Philbrook of Notre Dame and Boyle of Wisconsin and Temple of Nebraska. The place is given to Philbrook on account of his general all-round, consistent work for the entire season.

Osthoff of Wisconsin, a former star and giant, showed a surprising lack of form. This was due to ill-health.

Had Dutter of Indiana and Boyle of Wisconsin been playing alongside of stronger team-mates, it must be conceded that they would have had better individual records.

The selection for the guard positions are Benbrook of Michigan and Dolan of Notre Dame. Here were two ideal men, although it must be said that Butzer of Illinois, Buzer of Wisconsin, and Powers of Minnesota were far above the average in ability. Butzer seemed to fall naturally into the shoes of his famous predecessor, Van Hook. Indeed he was a worthy successor, and great things are expected of him for next year.

Benbrook was the sensation of the year. He did not have the knowledge of the game possessed by Dolan or Butzer, but in every game he was one of the reigning figures on the field. Tall and active, he was in every play, through the line, blocking plays before they were well started, and down the field abreast of his ends. This was a remarkable performance for a man 6 feet tall and weighing 210 pounds.

As a center, Farnum of Minnesota, although the lightest center in the West for this position, stands almost alone; his closest competitor was Smith of Michigan, who is many pounds heavier. It is predicted that, unless Smith has a slump, next year he will develop into one of the greatest centers the West has ever known. Farnum weighs only 180 pounds, but every ounce of this seemed to be where it ought to be. He was always able to get down the field with the fleetest of his mates.

In the position of quarter-back, McGovern of Minnesota must be awarded the position, as he was by all odds the greatest quarter-back since Eckersall passed from view. He has everything that a quarter-back needs. A good general, full of ginger, a deadly tackler, fleet on running back punts and quarter-back runs, and an equal to Eckersall in drop-kicking.

Seiler of Illinois and Hamilton of Notre Dame have both played good games.

In Allardie and Magidsohn, both of Michigan, the West had this year a most sensational pair of half-backs. Their work reminded one of Hamill and Herschberger or of Heston and Hammond. Magidsohn was almost the equal of Heston; he is built like Heston, and shows many of the dodging, wriggling characteristics combined with the ability to hit the line like a cannon-ball. Allardie could not possibly be left off the first eleven if he could do nothing else than kick. He is an ideal half-back; he picks his holes naturally, is fast and follows his interference.

Miller of Notre Dame and Crawley of Chicago are great half-backs, and are given position on the second team.

Pickering of Minnesota stands alone as full-back. As a line-plunger, Pickering was supreme. He was a great help to his team on defense and also in forward passes. Wile of Wisconsin is probably the next best full-back, and has the position on the second eleven.

Worthwine of Chicago has played a good game, but would have made a better showing had his line been stronger.

It must be remembered that the above selections and deductions are the opinion of one man, but they are made impartially after much thought and investigation.



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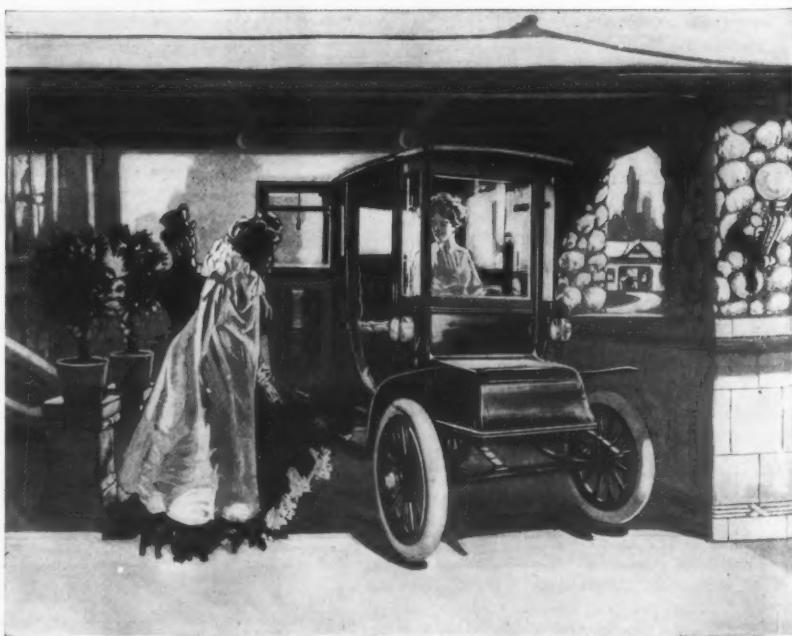
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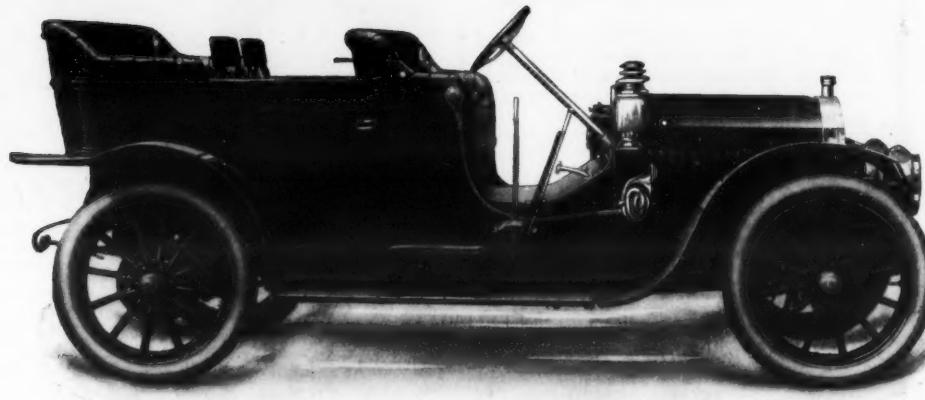
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460 miles in reliability run within 24 hours. Pretty good isn't it for \$378?

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The Thurman Portable Electric cleans everything in the home.

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And Squabs. Tells how to start in small and grow big. Describes largest pure-bred Poultry Farm in the world and gives a great mass of useful information about poultry. Lowest prices on fowls, eggs, incubators and brooders. Mailed for 1c. F. Foy, Box 24, Des Moines, Iowa.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

At The New Theatre

(Continued from page 16)

light of buying tickets and persuading one's friends to buy tickets to worthy but unpopular plays would be melancholy indeed. How noble is Robinson there on the stage, how adorably lovely Miss Smith, and how much less noble and adorable they both would be if they weren't underdogs fighting hateful and hopeless odds! No, this would be a sadder world if Broadway really reformed.

Nevertheless, it's worth while now and then to dress up inside as well as outside. It is good to get away from the "297 TIMES—A SCREAM," and the wolf-eyed men in the lobby looking through one's clothes for real money. It is good to feel that one is being neither robbed nor supporting a lost cause, but merely going into a temple of art.

This, among The New Theatre's many functions, is one about which little has been said. We want to see here good plays well played, but it is something merely to invite one's soul in these elegant surroundings. On the three evenings when subscribers are away we may recline in the orchestra and roam between the acts through tea and retiring rooms and marble halls. Where can one get more for \$2? On the other nights we must, to be sure, go up to the first balcony, whence it is not altogether easy to see or hear. But in the long intermission one may descend to the enchanted realms below, sink deliciously into soft carpets, and bump elbows with Mr. and Mrs. Monnay-Taburn and all our most decorative citizens. The New Theatre should become a school of manners as well as a temple of art.

+

The Uprising of the Girls

(Continued from page 16)

to tell. The first symptoms of distress are appearing. Yet though many are alarmed, but few have felt want. While daily reports were coming of more shops settled, side by side with these were reports of new groups walking out. The League sent committees to many shops, urging the girls to remain—not because it denied their grievance, but because such an army could not be handled.

Many of the big employers are still meeting at a hotel and holding out for the open shop.

"Just what are the demands?" I asked Mrs. Weyl.

"Recognition of the union, first and foremost."

"And that means—?"

"We demand for one thing a stopping of overtime. No girls to work after eight at night and on Sundays, as some have been doing. Sometimes they are paid for overtime, sometimes not, but that makes no difference. The girl who is paid is only tempted to ruin her health. Fifty-two hours is our demand."

"The inside-contract system of sweating is another grievance. Certain employers pay, say, twenty-five dollars a week to a man who assigns his half-dozen machines to girls whom he employs. The man divides his twenty-five dollars among the six girls and saves his own profit from it. Now, the employer's books show no girls' names, only the names of the contractors; thus the wages of individual girls can not be learned, and the employer escapes responsibility for sweating, for damages in case of accident, and so on."

"As to pay—we demand equal pay for all who do the same kind of work, thus permitting the slower girls to catch up with the rapid ones. This will put an end to a ruinous system of speeding up. An employer may say to a girl: 'If you speed up to a certain point this week I'll make you a boss.' The girl racks her nerves to reach the goal, succeeds, and is made a petty boss over a few others. There is a constant incentive to speed up, faster and faster, until the crash comes. The girls must be protected from this temptation."

I asked Mrs. Rose Pastor Stokes the same question while we dodged about from hall to hall. These little meeting-places are as thick on the East Side as saloons in a mining town, and the strikers are controlling every one of them. Mrs. Stokes, Miss Dreier, Miss O'Reilly, Miss Schneidermann, and other speakers have gone from hall to hall, encouraging the little groups congregated, urging non-union girls to join, firing the weak-hearted who are tempted to give in.

"What are the real grievances?" I asked.

"Everything," she replied.

"Are the strikers unreasonable in nothing?" I persisted.

"My dear!" She stopped in the middle of a playground we were crossing. "The working people can make no unreasonable demand!"

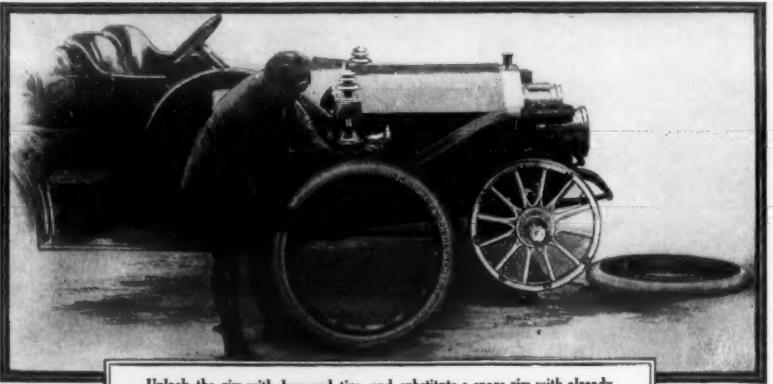
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Firestone

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For all Q. D. and Regular Clincher Tires—Quick Detachable as well as Demountable



Unlock the rim with damaged tire, and substitute a spare rim with already inflated tire. No loss of time; no exertion or annoyance; no tire-pumping

Firestone Demountable Rims possess improved features that place them *one year ahead* of all other devices for quick and easy tire-changing. Nevertheless, you can have them on your 1910 car if you so specify, or put on your present car now.

A year hence these exclusive Firestone features will be widely imitated. By securing them now you have a full year's extra use, plus the satisfaction of knowing that yours is the *most up-to-date* equipment the automobile world can offer.

You can secure these improved features only by specifying Firestone Demountable Rims

Send for Demountable Rim Book and name of nearest demonstrating dealer

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Firestone Demountable Rims abolish the stay-bolt nuisance common to Rims that will take only the old-style pliable-base Clincher tires. They are safer and far more practical.

Yet, we will furnish our Rims equipped to take the old-style tire, should any buyer request.

You can make one or a dozen tire-changes on a trip—an exclusive Firestone feature. You need not buy new tires in equipping your old car; continue to use your present ones if standard type.

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The Powder
that Shortens
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A New Era in Shaving

This latest improvement makes modern shaving quicker, cleaner and better.

A STEP FORWARD

Rapid-Shave Powder gives you a quicker shave because it does away with rubbing in lather with the fingers or making it in a cup.

A RAPID SHAVE

A sanitary shave because no soap that touches brush or skin is used again.

A SANITARY SHAVE

A better shave, since you enjoy the most lasting, delightful lather of your life.

A BETTER LATHER

TRIAL BOX SENT FOR 4c

Colgate & Co., Dept. W, 55 John St., N. Y., Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

I suppose I smiled a very little.
"You see my point of view as a Socialist," she added.
"In detail, they have various grievances in various shops. It is more pay here, shorter hours there. Some of the smaller shops are unclean, filthy, in fact. There are foremen in certain factories who insult and abuse girls beyond endurance. Oh, there seems no limit to the trouble. Here—at Capitol Hall."

A minute later she was on the platform, a score of girls surrounding her, listening rapt.

"Nothing can be gained unless you hold together," she told them—just what any number of other people had told them, but somehow it hadn't made the same impression. A few minutes more, and the signing began.

She was off the platform and down among them. There was one laggard. The next moment Mrs. Stokes had her hands on the girl's shoulders and was smiling into her eyes.

"You are the girl who makes so much money," she was saying. "Then all the more reason—you should be glad to join to help along those who make so little."

The girl signed.

+

Norah

(Continued from page 18)

in the red light of a great fire, sat the girl, "with hair like a sheaf of wheat," and in her arms, pressed to her breast, was an infant, to whom she was crooning softly.

As Norah gazed with eyes that almost started from her head, a wild passion seized her. It was like some ether poured through her veins. Life seemed suddenly to expand in her. She was in a palpitating atmosphere, which inflamed her whole being. She saw Nolan rise from a couch near the fire, come forward to the golden-haired girl, and touch the child's soft cheek with a forefinger.

"Little darlin'," he said, with a note in his voice that she had never heard in all the days they had lived together.

Then she went mad.

NOLAN looked up, startled, as she rushed forward into the room. In the red light of the fire, with her eyes blazing, her arms outstretched, her fingers crooked like some bird of prey, she looked like an avenger in a Greek tragedy.

"Tis as I thought!" she said in a whisper, her lips so dry with passion that she could scarcely speak. "Tis as I said! 'Twas for this I was left alone yonder, while the wanton had her way!"

With a startled cry the Charron girl got to her feet with the child, and at first she trembled so that the babe almost fell from her arms, but presently a dark flush of indignation passed over her face, and she drew herself up with pride.

"Imbécile—fool!" she said.

"Hush! Hush—the baby!" said Nolan, and stepped forward toward it. Norah made as though she would come between, but Nolan's arm shot out before her.

"Wait. You will wake the child," he said. He took it tenderly from the girl's arms and placed it in those of the old woman who had entered with Norah. She took the child gently and put its fresh cheek to hers, quavering an old French chanson.

"Into the other room, Ma'am Charron!" said Nolan. "For a minute, then—'tis not for a child's ears, this."

He was very quiet, and his eyes dwelt on Norah's face with a look of quiet command when he turned round again to the women standing in the light of the fire. Then he said to the girl:

"Shure, you had better go, Annette. There are things to say."

"Yes, there are things to say," said Norah, trembling. "And you had better stay—Annette!"

THREE was a scorn and an anger in the last words, which made Annette's blood tingle.

"What have you to say to me?" she asked Norah fiercely. Her eyes seemed as red as the fire that burned on the hearth.

"Is there no shame in ye?" said Norah. "I'm his wife. Did ye need to stay and shame me with—"

"Madame, you are a liar, and you are a fool. If I was a man I would kill you," Annette Charron's fingers twitched.

"Ye flaunt the child in my face—" Norah burst out in a high-pitched voice, but got no further, for Nolan caught her arm with a grip that made her cry out.

"Be still, woman!" he said in a voice gone suddenly hard. "Would ye wake the dead? Can't ye let the dead lie in peace with—with the promise I made?"

There are 112 parts of the

Cadillac
"Thirty"

which are accurate to the one-thousanth of an inch

This means that in these 112 parts there is not a variation to exceed one-half the thickness of a hair.

In the assembling of the motors and other essentially accurate parts, the use of files or even emery cloth is not permitted—it is not required.

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It is this thorough standardization that almost eliminates friction.

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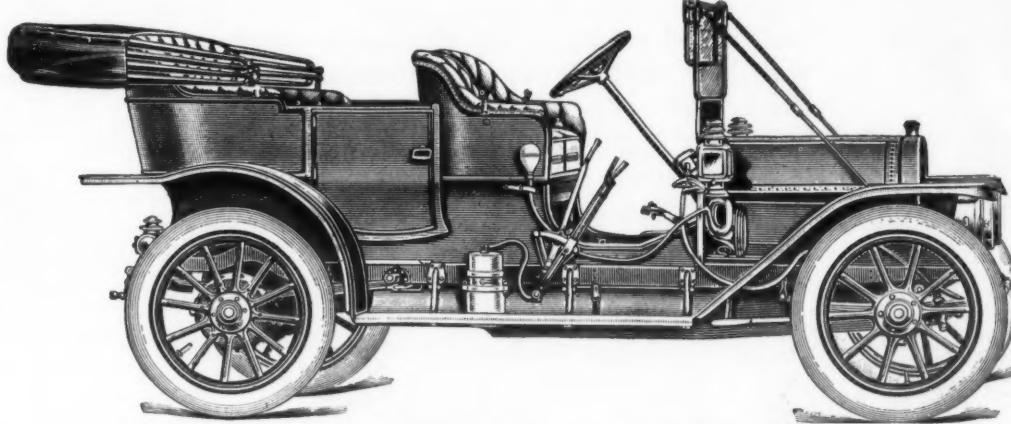
It is this thorough standardization which eliminates the twisting, grinding, racking wear characteristic of the car with ill-fitting parts and connections.

It is this thorough standardization which has caused the Cadillac to be universally recognized as the most durable and longest lived car ever made.

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It is this thorough standardization that is back of the Cadillac reputation for being the most economical motor car to operate and maintain.

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Four cylinder
30 horse power
Three speed sliding
gear transmission

\$1600

(F. O. B. Detroit)—Including the following equipment:—
Magneto, four unit coil with dry cells, one pair gas lamps and generator, one pair side oil lamps, one tail lamp, horn, set of tools, pump and tire repair kit, robe rail, tire irons.

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Macbeth, is on my chimneys. That's my name. I would hate to put it on a chimney that would make me ashamed.

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because it is both useful and ornamental. Useful because it is a perfect razor. It does not cut you like the old style razors—does not scrape like the hoe-shaped safeties—it shaves with the correct diagonal stroke—no stropping or honing necessary. In handsome leather case, with six double-edge interchangeable blades. Price, complete, \$5.00.

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WITH the opening of the New Year, you usually consider most carefully how to invest your surplus money. It is hard to find a small investment that will pay a good rate of interest and yet is absolutely safe. Our mortgage certificates based on selected first mortgages on New York City real estate solve this problem for you. The interest is 4½% and the certificates are in amounts of \$200, \$500, \$1,000 and \$5,000.

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Thousands of our customers have written us there's no better stove than the Kalamazoo anywhere at any price. Hundreds of thousands are now in use. Our catalog tells you how to buy—how to know a good stove. Our credit plan makes paying easy for all responsible persons.

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Selling "WEAR-EVER" Aluminum
Specialties during July and August, 1909.
Half of these men had no previous experience.
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Opportunity knocks but don't expect the door to be kicked in.



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Original and Genuine
MALTED MILK

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EASILY DIGESTED BY THE
MOST DELICATE

Keep it on your side-board at home.
Delicious, Invigorating and Sustaining

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"What's dead?" asked Norah in a trembling voice, for it came upon her all at once that she had blundered terribly.

"Can't ye be kind?" Nolan protested. "You that's just back from the dead, Norah. A little longer out in the snow and you'd have been lyin' as she is lyin' in there." He jerked his head toward another room with a closed door.

"Who is lyin' in there?" Norah asked with lips trembling.

"The mother of that," he added with a nod toward the child, which Madame Charron was crooning to sleep. "She was caught in the storm too, but it was too strong for her. She gave the child all the warmth she had. And a fine boy it is, the finest iver was almost."

With a cry that came as though from a spirit relieved from prison, Norah swayed, then, fainting, she fell forward. Annette Charron caught her as she fell. She and Nolan laid her on the sofa, and together they set about restoring her.

"You'll forgive her?" said Nolan gently to the girl. "Twas a madness in her, shure."

The girl did not answer. "We've been such good friends this two years," urged Nolan. "There now, you'd be hard on her that belongs to me."

The girl looked at him for a moment very steadily, and seemed about to speak, but turned away for a moment and busied herself with adjusting Norah's head to the pillow.

"Then don't you be hard on her—ever," said the girl with meaning in her tone and a face grown pale again after the passion of the last few moments.

"Oh, I've never been hard on her and never will," answered Nolan.

"Monsieur Nolan, you are a fool," rejoined the girl sharply. "There," she is coming to—make her understand the truth," she said firmly. "Make her understand—absolutely—I am going to bed," she added, and before he could say more she was gone.

In her place came the old woman, who entered with the child. "It was time Annette go to bed," she said dryly.

PRESENTLY Norah's eyes opened and rested on Nolan's face. Her hand was in his. There was that look in his eyes she had never seen before.

"Who was she?" asked Norah.

"Annette? You know—as good a girl as any, as—"

"No, the dead woman in there," she pointed to the other room.

"Twas a stranger come from buryin' her man in the north. And now she's gone, poor woman, and young she was, not over thirty. As fine a little scrap!" he added, catching the child's toe lightly as the old woman then passed in her shuffling walk.

Suddenly he leaned over Norah. "What made ye come here, Norah? What were ye after?"

"Where should a woman be but with her husband?" she answered evasively.

"Thru for you," he said with a strange look. He knew that he had torn her heart. "Thru for ye. Where should she be except with her husband—and the child."

She stared at him. Her face grew white. "The child!" she murmured. "Shure, I have no head, Nolan. I don't see at all, at all. I am sorry I spoke so wild and bad to the girl, but there was something in me that drove me crazy. And I don't understand, Nolan dear."

"I've made the child me own, Norah—me own forever and ever. I promised the dead woman I'd do it. I promise for you and for me. She was a fine woman, about your age"—ah, the incomparable liar!—"and she went away at peace, for she saw in me the makin' of a fine father to her child. Are ye with me in this, Norah?"

Norah saw a light glimmer out of the dark which would grow and grow to a wide radiance, would lighten all her world.

"Oh, give the child to me!" she cried, all the mother-hunger in her, her face glowing, her hands outstretched. The old woman put the babe in her arms. She pressed it to her breast passionately.

Nolan watched her with a wonderful look of pride and content in his face.

"We'll make believe," he said gaily to her in a whisper.

"There's no make believe," she answered with a look of fierceness almost. "It come to me out of the storm—tis mine, 'tis mine!"

"Acushla," said Nolan gaily, "'tis yours, then," and he touched the child's cheek.

THE next morning when they left, Nolan's good-by and his gay wink and word to Annette with the hair like a harvest of wheat in the sun were careless enough for Norah to be sure that the farewell of its kind was final. And so it was. But Annette—who knows? The heart of a woman is a strange thing.

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Gentlemen: Waltham Watches were used during my expedition in connection with the simultaneous tide observations at Cape Sheridan, Cape Columbia and Cape Bryant, where accurate time was the essential feature. They were also taken on sledge expeditions north over the ice.

Watches were distributed to different supporting parties, and were used for time comparisons by the parties up to the point where Marvin returned in command of the third supporting party.

As further simultaneous tide observations were contemplated between Cape Sheridan and Cape Morris Jesup—the most northern point of Greenland—Marvin took with him the five Waltham Watches in the party for this purpose, the object being that comparison of the five different watches might give us absolute certainty of correctness of our time.

The performance of the watches in connection with the tide observations was entirely satisfactory. Very truly yours,

(Signed), R. E. PEARY



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